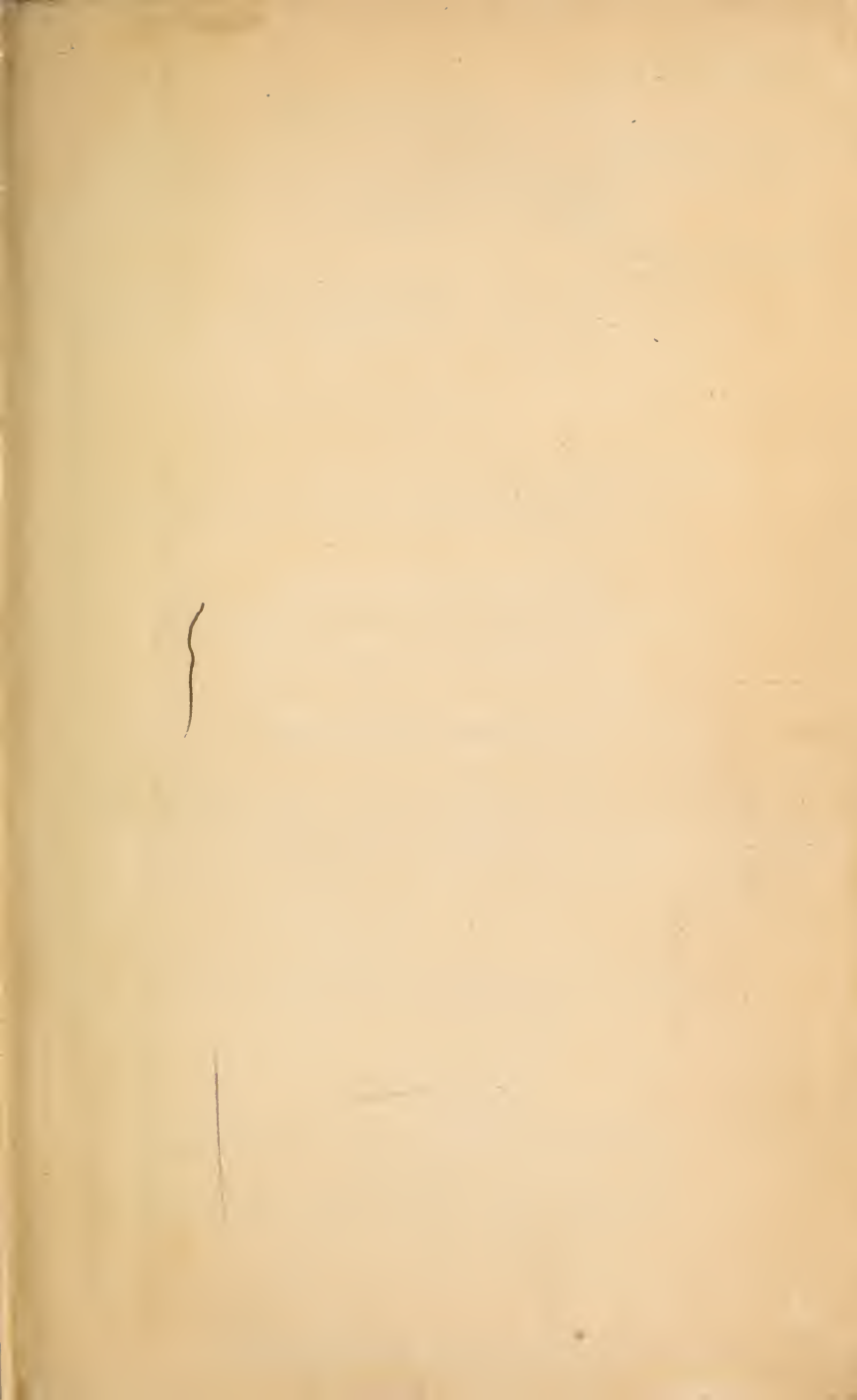
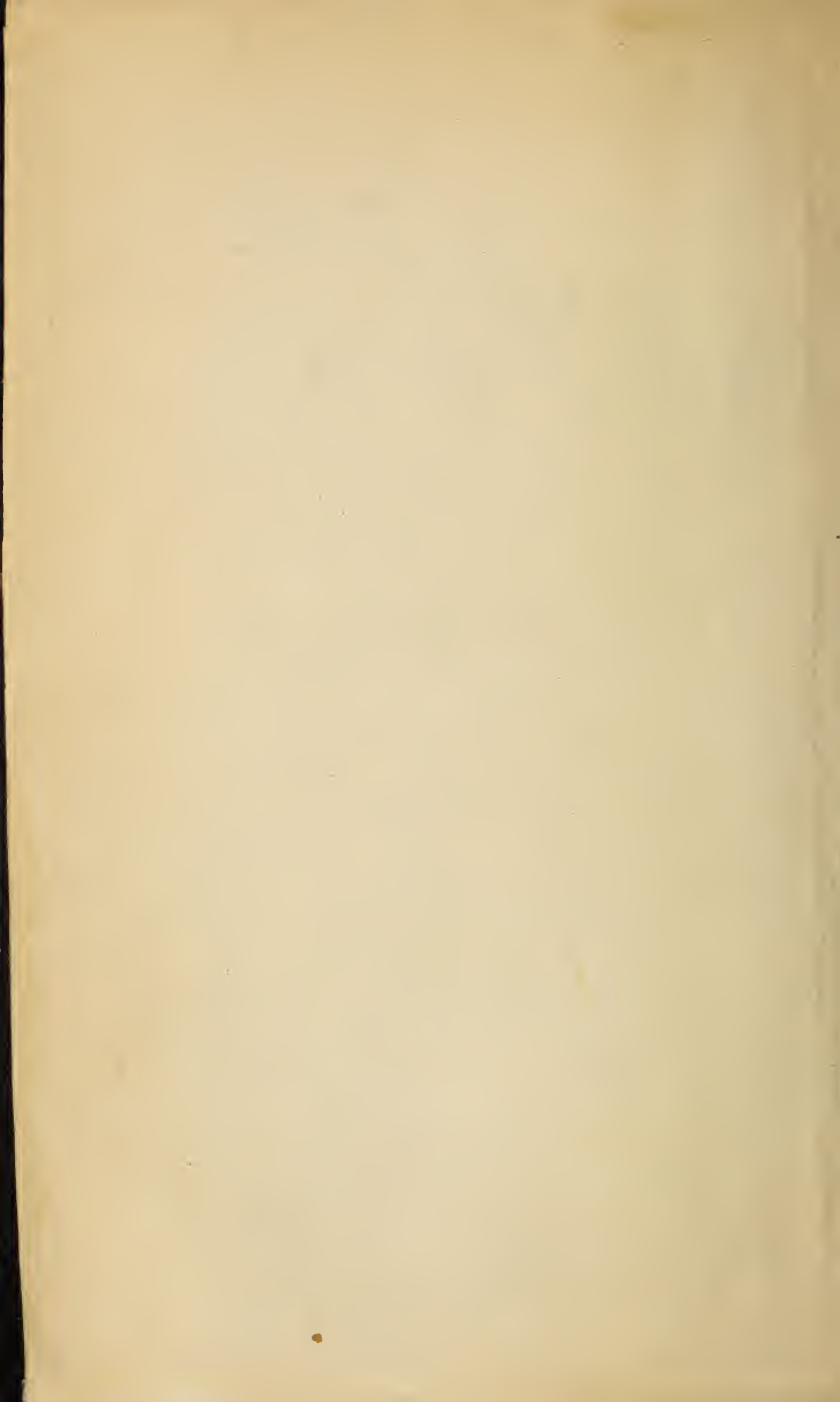


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MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. HENRY MÖWES,

LATE PASTOR OF

ALTENHAUSEN AND IVENRODE, PRUSSIA.

PRINCIPALLY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

BY THE REV. JOHN DAVIES, B.D.

RECTOR OF GATESHEAD, DURHAM;
AUTHOR OF "AN ESTIMATE OF THE HUMAN MIND," ETC.

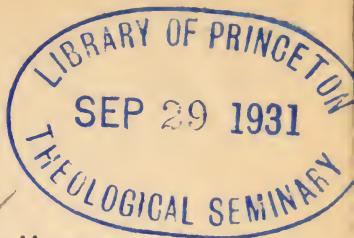
"They also serve, who only stand and wait."—MILTON.

LONDON:

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;

Instituted 1799.

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PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.





TO

MY BELOVED PARENTS,

UNDER WHOSE APPROBATION AND ENCOURAGEMENT

THIS LITTLE WORK

HAS BEEN COMPILED,

IT IS

MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

CONTENTS.

	Page
INTRODUCTION, by the Rev. J. Davies, B.D.	v
Preface	xi
CHAPTER I.	
Möwes' early life, to his taking orders in 1818	1
CHAPTER II.	
His character—Removal to Altenhausen in 1822—Oc- cupation in that parish	17
CHAPTER III.	
Death of his friend in 1828—The failure of his health —Removal from Altenhausen, 1830—Death of his eldest daughter	36
CHAPTER IV.	
Fluctuating state of his health to December, 1832	65
CHAPTER V.	
Prospect of recovery—Change—His death in 1834— His literary character—Conclusion	104
Addenda	147

INTRODUCTION,

BY

THE REV. J. DAVIES, B. D.

THE subject of the following brief memoir became first known to the author of these remarks through the medium of a series of papers, which appeared a short time since in the "Archives du Christianisme," a French periodical, which, for many years, has advocated the cause of true religion on the continent, with great ability and success. The character of Möwes appeared to him interesting, not only as presenting a specimen of a man of high and noble endowments, passing through a variety of difficult and perilous enterprises, devoting himself with unusual energy to a work which he justly regarded as of still higher moment, and triumphantly closing his career, after a conflict, the severity of which was exceeded only by the consolations vouchsafed to him, but also

as he might be regarded as one of the morning stars of that second reformation which has dawned on the European continent.

For a long series of years, the light of scriptural Christianity, which burst forth among the forests of Germany during the earlier period of the sixteenth century, had become almost utterly extinct. But a faint gleam, at distant intervals, was just perceptible, amidst the prevailing darkness of ignorance and indifference ; and, of late years, of a pseudo-scientific rationalism, which is but another and somewhat refined form of infidelity. It was after a long night of this slumber of the spiritual faculties, when the close of the revolutionary wars had afforded an opportunity for the dissemination of the Holy Scriptures over the various countries of Europe, that Möwes, who had gallantly borne his part for the vindication of the liberties of his country in those wars, arose in a remote part of the northern hemisphere, and, by means of his personal ministrations, and through, perhaps, the still more effective instrumentality of his devotional poetic effusions, contributed much to the diffusion of the light of pure and unsophisticated Christianity throughout the nation.

Such were the circumstances under which Möwes appeared, and such were the services which, as an instrument in the hand of God, he was destined to perform. The more peculiar features of his character, the clearness and distinctness of his views on the great fundamental principles of the Christian system, the energy of his faith, the ardour of his love, the devotedness of his life, the warmth of his social affec-

tions, and the intensity of the sufferings which he was, doubtless for wise and needful purposes, doomed to undergo, will be more distinctly displayed in the following pages.

The writer had himself prepared a memoir of Möwes, drawn principally from the same sources, the original German biography prefixed to his poems, accompanied with a translation of two or three of the smaller poems, intended as specimens of the poetry. When, however, it was on the point of publication, he learnt that a similar task had been undertaken by another hand, and that the work was nearly out of the press. He was, therefore, happy to relinquish his own undertaking, and feels great pleasure in recommending the following narrative, as affording a most interesting and instructive view of the character of a man, the brightness of whose genius was only surpassed by the superior lustre of his piety. In the ardour of his devotion, as well as in other points of his character, he will remind the reader of Martyn, and Brainerd, and Felix Neff; but in exquisite tenderness of feeling, and in vividness of imagination, he was equalled by few, if any, among his cotemporaries or predecessors.

Since the death of Möwes, it is gratifying to know that true religion, on the continent of Europe, has made great and most encouraging progress. The semi-infidel rationalism, which had been in full possession of nearly all the high places of academical instruction, had intruded into almost every corner of the sanctuary of the church, and had diffused its lethargic poison over the mass of the population, has now been

forced to retire into comparative obscurity ; and the great doctrines of the gospel, which called forth the resistless energies of the early champions of the Protestant reformation, begin to recover the ground which they had lost. They are, in a great variety of instances, distinctly recognized and illustrated from the professor's chair, and enforced, with simplicity and zeal, from a vast multitude of the pulpits of the national churches. This salutary movement among the stagnant waters of continental Protestantism, seems to be almost simultaneous throughout all the countries in which the profession had been publicly recognized by the state. At Berlin, the metropolis of Prussia, and at Halle, Tholuck and others are devoting the resources of the most profound and extensive erudition to the maintenance and diffusion of the vital and distinguishing truths of Christianity. At Paris, Grandpierre, Juillerat, Chasseur, and F. Monod, are labouring with unremitting energy and zeal for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. At Montauban, the ancient Protestant seminary of France, Adolphe Monod and De Félice, both men of commanding power and eloquence, are illustrating the same great principles from the chairs of Ecclesiastical History and Hebrew Literature ; and, under the auspices of these and others associated with them, a new confession of faith, embodying and more distinctly re-asserting the fundamental articles of the ancient Protestant church of France, has recently been proposed and adopted by a very large proportion of the ministers of that part of the country. At Geneva, where true religion had sunk into the very lowest grade of cold and

heartless neology, a theological school has sprung up, and is vigorously and successfully conducted, in which the recovered doctrines of the gospel are taught to a number of youths training up for the ministry, by Merle d'Aubigne, the well-known author of the "History of the Protestant Reformation," by Ganssen, and others of the same spirit. At Lausanne, Vinet, a man of profound philosophical views, as well as of sound orthodoxy of principle, occupies one of the professor's chairs, and, both by his writings and personal exertions, gives a powerful impulse to the cause of religion, in a canton which is now distinguished above any other of the Swiss confederacy for the predominant influence of the original principles of the Reformation. Throughout the whole continent, in fact—from the rocks of Norway—the busy marts of Germany—the marshes of Holland—the plains of Belgium—the mountains of Switzerland—to the sunny vales of the south of France, there is a general movement towards that high standard of vital and practical religion, which can alone, under the Divine blessing, afford an efficient barrier against the insidious encroachments of Popery on the one hand, and its invariable attendant—frequently its treacherous ally—a heartless and semi-social infidelity on the other.

The subject of the following memoir was one of the forerunners in this noble cause, one of the heralds of this bright dayspring from on high; and the writer trusts that, with God's blessing, this brief record of one who was so eminently a man of God, and who came forth from the furnace in a state of purity, which reflected, with more than ordinary brightness, the

glory of his Redeemer, will tend in some measure to add to this cheering confluence of light.

In these memoirs, as well as in his own published works, he being dead yet speaketh. To the ministers of religion, a most bright and instructive example of devotedness and fidelity, of patience and resignation, is here set forth ; and it is scarcely possible to contemplate such a picture without deep humiliation, and warm encouragement. Of Möwes, it may be truly said, that by his example he has not only taught us how, as Christians, and especially as Christian ministers, we ought to live ; but, what is not less necessary for our comfort in the prospect, he has also taught us how to die.

P R E F A C E.

AN interesting sketch of the life of the Rev. Henry Möwes appeared in some early numbers of the "Archives du Christianisme," for the year 1838, from the pen of the Rev. L. Bonnet, whose "Famille de Bethanie," and other works, are well known in this country. A fuller memoir was written by the Rev. A. W. Appuhn, the present pastor of Altenhausen and Ivenrode, which was published at Berlin. This volume contains, besides the life, a considerable number of poems, and a few extracts from an unpublished prose work. It was dedicated to the Princess Royal of Prussia, and appears, from the preface to the third edition, to have met with very general approbation in that and the neighbouring states. The first edition was intended for the use of the poet's friends exclusively; it was sold off in the course of a few weeks, when a second was issued. The interest excited by it increased, and in less than a year a third edition was demanded. "Thousands," remarks M. Appuhn, "have been awakened, strengthened, and set right, by the account of his life, and by his poems; and in the palace, and in many a cottage, through all lands in which the German language is spoken, he has, by the witness of his faith, drawn the hearts of his fellow men to his Saviour and theirs."

It is from these two sources that the present work has been compiled, constant reference being made to the German memoir as the authority. Wherever it was thought necessary, the narrative at that time used

has been indicated, but this has not in other cases been done.

After the Memoir had passed through the press, I was favoured by the Rev. Mr. Davies with the Introduction he had prepared for his own work ; and I am most happy in thus publicly acknowledging the obligation, and presenting my grateful thanks to him for his generous courtesy.

Apology may, perhaps, be necessary for the occasional introduction of words or phrases which may be termed Germanisms. With deep veneration for the nationality of our language, I have yet considered some license allowable, where the precise equivalent was not among our customary forms of speech, and the current one had been, by exclusive use, deprived of its more extended import.

One peculiarity of the German language, is the abundance of its side-thoughts, the variety of ideas tributary to the main one, which the mere phraseology frequently suggests. In endeavouring to preserve this fulness of thought without circumlocution, I have, perhaps, sacrificed regularity. In the letters of Möwes, particularly, my main endeavour has been to give as perfect a transcript of his mind as possible. I have considered his sentiments as a sacred trust, and my one concern has been to prevent them from taking any tinge from the medium through which they pass to the eye of the reader.

This little work is presented to the public with a full sense of its imperfections, yet with the hope that the pleasure the reader may derive from it, will compensate him for the indulgence he must extend. And may HE, in whose favour we and our undertakings alone live, grant that, in going through these pages, the children of sorrow may be consoled and raised, and, if it be His will, the wandering spirit led homeward.

E. R. D.

February 1, 1840.

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. HENRY MÖWES.

CHAPTER I.

Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, Eternal Word !

* * * * *
From Thee is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavour, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.

COWPER.

IF it be true, as a distinguished writer has said, "that in feeling distress we strike chords in unison with the whole universe," the biography of one whose sufferings were unusually prolonged and severe, cannot fail to awaken sympathy—sympathy the more intense, because that sorrow fell on a highly refined and susceptible spirit. To us, who know that, sooner or later, the same dark path must be ours, it is matter of touching

interest to watch a fellow mortal in his progress through it. Our spirits grow stronger, while we see the clouds that hang over the vale of life made beautiful by the bow of promise, and the narrow dark valley of the shadow of death become bright with the fore-coming glory of the land that lies beyond it. To the man of simply cultivated intellect, it is matter of triumph to see the spirit, which he recognises as a brother's, thus assert its mastery over the accidents of time and earth; faith and love struggling with doubt and woe, till the earth-born yields to the heaven-born. To the Christian, another feeling is added, and his exultation is mingled with sadness; for he remembers it is through the might of the Suffering One that his servant has triumphed.

Henry Möwes was familiar with suffering from his infancy. He was born at Magdeburg, in Prussia, February 25th, 1793. He passed his early childhood in the midst of privations and trials of various kinds. Often did he lament that he had never enjoyed a parent's love, that as a child he had not known the charm of home. His father died very early, and his mother almost immediately re-married. The forsaken boy was adopted by an uncle, who was a pastor in the neighbourhood, and educated in the cathedral school. It was, perhaps, the circum-

stance of his being so early thrown on his own resources, that gave to his character that decision, that certainty of aim, and firmness, which he afterwards so finely exhibited.

The support his relative afforded him was scanty. He frequently feared he should, on that account, be compelled to relinquish his plan of studying theology. He, at one time, had resolved to enter the army; and was only prevented by the sudden removal of an officer to whom he was much attached, and who had promised to obtain his speedy promotion. How entirely different might the whole course of his life have been, had this determination been carried into effect! But it was itself characteristic of him. There was something heroic in the constitution of his mind; an almost invincible valour was conspicuous in many events of his life. Had he not been a pastor, there was no character he could so well have sustained as that of the Christian warrior. He gave proof of this during the short time he was a volunteer in his country's service. He frequently spoke of himself as being, during his youth, and still later, till his spirit was changed, daring, wild, and easily roused to anger. His friends of this date bear testimony to his noble, open disposition:

The direction which his life took, was in a great measure decided by an intimate friendship

he formed with a young man of the name of Charles Blume, at the period of his departure for the university. Gifted with elevated susceptibilities, and with a quenchless yearning for affection which had never yet been satisfied, he threw himself, with all the ardour of his fine nature, into this friendship. In after-life he looked back on it, as being, during the impassioned years of youth, a substitute for religion, if such an expression be allowed, by softening his heart, and turning him, at that age when the passions will find their way as the waters an outlet, from all that was unworthy and low. His friend was the whole world to him: his attachment and devotedness knew no bounds: to have laid down his life for him would have been an easy thing. After Blume's death, he could not speak of him without tears. The anniversaries of his birth and death were sacred days. He still held intimate and confiding communion with the departed; and looked for his spirit, as he tells us in a song entitled "Memory and Hope," to be his conductor on the other side of the "narrow sea," when he should have left its mortal shore.

With this friend he entered the university of Gottingen. He there prosecuted the study of theology merely as a science; he could not recollect receiving one *Christian* impression, so

entirely had rationalism dried up the sources of life. Christianity remained something wholly foreign to him—a beautiful exhibition, having no connexion with himself. A weary task must it have been, to study theology as a surgeon dissects a corpse, when all ought to have breathed of life and light.

It was during his residence at the university, that the intelligence of Napoleon's escape from Elba reached Gottingen. Möwes shared in the universal sensation: like the celebrated Körner, he grasped at the same time the lyre and sword, animating the enthusiasm of the Prussian youth with his spirit-stirring songs, and sharing in person the conflicts of the field. The excitement was everywhere felt; the people rose as one man, the universities were depopulated, the students pressing forward as volunteers to swell the ranks of the army. Möwes and his friend fought in the foremost ranks of a Westphalian jager corps. Six weeks after they had left Gottingen, they met the enemy on the plains of Ligny. He afterwards, in speaking of the distance his spirit then *habitually* was from God, said, "The solemnity of the battle did not drive me to Him. I do not recollect even offering up one prayer. We were called up before the engagement to receive the sacrament. I let my friend, whose side I had never before left,

go up without me; I could not then comprehend of what service it could be to me." He felt not the slightest fear; and often remarked, that he trembled more in delivering his first sermon, than at the thunder of his first battle.

The two friends continued inseparably side by side through that fearful day. Each was alike anxious to vanquish the enemy, and to guard his friend. Standing behind a hedge, and firing from thence on the foe, they did not perceive that the order for retreat had been given, when Blume suddenly sank down, exclaiming, "Help me, I am wounded: leave me not, Möwes." In his surprise and grief, he forgot the battle raging around; death was the least thing he feared; he had but one thought—how he might save his friend. Three of his fellow soldiers, who were flying from the field, offered their help, regardless of the danger: they laid the wounded man across their guns, to carry him to a place of safety. The enemy gained on them; they bore their charge on, under a shower of bullets. Two of them began at last to think of their own safety, and left him. He continued his labour with the one who remained firm. One more step, and a bullet from the approaching enemy struck the helmet from his head. Now the last fled. Möwes had eye and heart for his friend alone: he begged him to hold fast by his arm, while he dragged

him along by his clothes. Shortly after he felt a concussion in his arm; the hand of his friend fell from it—a second ball had struck him. “Möwes,” said he, “save thyself, for thy king and thy country; I am lost.” One parting glance, and the friends separated, as they thought, for ever. Möwes went on mechanically, with an aching heart, not perceiving that he was exposed to the full charge of the enemy; but a bullet striking the sole of his boot brought him to himself: he felt he ought not uselessly to expose his life, and hastened after his flying comrades.

The history of Möwes' campaign is rich in instances of his courage and self-sacrifice, of the tenderness of his heart under the most fearful difficulties. It bears the stamp of an extraordinarily distinguished and noble character. He fought at Belle Alliance, and exhibited admirable energy, both in the privations he endured, and in his active service: he was almost daily engaged in skirmishes before Paris. For nearly three days he had nothing to eat but a dried plum, which a fellow soldier, who had found two in a peasant's hut, gave him. He had often no other lodging than the bare ground, wet with the rain of heaven; not once did a cloak cover his weary limbs. He would willingly recount the events of the great struggle: the manner in which he threw himself into his subject;

the interest, the actual share, he seemed to have in every occurrence; the richness of his own personal tale in stirring incident, riveted attention. We cannot refrain from giving one event of this period, though feeling the wide difference between a cold written tale, and the glowing narration of one who had been actor in the scenes he described.

The division of the jager corps to which Möwes belonged, was commanded to take a battery in a village near Paris. The battery stood on the other side of the village, and the only street through which it could be approached lay entirely exposed to it. One division, almost shot to pieces,^s had given up the attempt, when his was ordered to it. They marched up a street, crossing at right angles the one guarded by the battery. Scarcely had the enemy perceived them, when they received a charge of grape shot: they consulted what was to be done; it was resolved to storm the street, whatever it might cost. Möwes was one of the first to enter on the dangerous way. To their surprise, the enemy's battery was silent: the village lay behind them; for a moment they stood still to assemble. Only one officer and six men had ventured; the imminent danger had deterred the rest from advancing. This little corps now looked round on their situation: before them

was the battery; on one side, two regiments of French infantry; behind, a large house filled with the enemy, who fired incessantly. They must yield as prisoners, or die; they chose the latter, and resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. For greater security they placed themselves singly, at some distance from each other, and prepared for the death-struggle. But, remarkably enough, they were not attacked; only a single ball from the house was levelled at them. They saw an officer of rank, escorted by a trumpeter, coming from the enemy's infantry towards them. The officer waved his handkerchief, and the trumpeter sounded. Inexperienced in military affairs, they did not comprehend this movement, nor could they in their situation guess the intention of it. They only saw an attempt to take them prisoners, and chose the best marksman among them to take aim at the officer: their companion did as he was commanded; happily he missed his man, who immediately turned his horse. At a little distance he stood still again, and once more bent his way towards Möwes and his brave companions. They again shot at him, and the same manœuvre was repeated, till one of them shouted, "He is a truce-bearer;" the officer replied, in French, "I am a truce-bearer." They then laid their arms aside, and awaited his arrival. He made

himself known to them as General Guilleminot, who had been sent from the enemy's headquarters to negotiate with Prince Blucher. They followed him to the field-marshal, and the war was ended. The consequence of the negotiation was the entrance of the allied powers into Paris. These brave men owed their lives to the circumstance, that, exactly at the moment when they stormed the street, the command was given on the French side to leave off firing. Their own commanding officer had, from a hill on the same side of the village, remarked their gallant conduct, and awarded to them the iron cross. Möwes had, on a former occasion, been distinguished by the Russian order of St. George.

He was a fortnight, under the most favourable circumstances, in Paris, before he recovered from the extraordinary efforts he had made in that campaign. His detachment was then ordered to other fortresses, and had yet to see some hard service.

After the peace was concluded, he rested, on his homeward march, at the town of Charleroi. Here a great and unexpected pleasure awaited him. He found his lost friend again, whom he had left, as he thought, to die on the field of Ligny. Brought into this town with the rest of the wounded, he, through the generosity of the enemy, was placed in a private house, instead of

being cast into the crowded rooms of an hospital. The mistress of the house, seeing the dying soldier brought in, in the evening, resolved to try to rid herself of such a guest on the morrow : accordingly, in the morning, she went to the sufferer, but his God touched and turned her heart ; the beautiful countenance of the young warrior, its patient and sweet expression, as he lay suffering before her, went to her heart. It was as though her own son lay there ; and she resolved to show him all possible kindness, and to nurse him as a mother. And she did so. Möwes ever spoke with deep feeling of her love and compassionate care. Long afterwards did she correspond with both friends, always addressing them as her children. They remained together under her hospitable roof for three months, at the end of which Charles Blume was sufficiently recovered to return to his anxious family.

On his return to Prussia, Möwes remained for some time at the university of Halle. His poetical talents brought him into acquaintance with La Fontaine, whom, in many points of his energetic character, the young man closely resembled : but his soul sought something deeper than the poet of romance could discover to him, and he had still to seek for that hidden stream. The cold and merely intellectual theology which then prevailed at Halle, could not satisfy his

ardent soul. Christianity had been, and still remained, something external and foreign to him ; but the deep workings of a spirit naturally thoughtful, already pointed him to some undefined relation with God, as that which would meet the intense cravings of his nature ; and he was beginning to inquire what might be this object, whose coming shadow seemed to promise satisfaction and peace. He left the university, rich indeed in the first literary acquirements, but, as he often confessed, quite incapable of working for God in the world, because as yet he knew Him not.

On his return to Magdeburg, he immediately obtained a situation in the school in which he had been educated. Charles Blume was still at Gottingen, but his paternal home was open to his friend ; their mutual attachment had already made him one of the family. But he was to be yet more closely united to this house ; his friend's sister won the first, deep, and ever-increasing love of his heart, so rich in the loftiest affections. When he took orders, she became his wife. She understood him ; and their lives flowed on together, under all their sufferings and sorrow, with a deepening knowledge of their God. He led her to Him ; and she, when his physical strength was shattered and gone, supported and tended him, and sweetened every affliction of his life.

In one of his songs he thus beautifully alludes to leaning on her strength :—

“ The ivy stays the sinking elm,
Where it clung in former days :
The weight of love the feebler proves,
As the strong one’s strength decays.”

In 1818, he took orders, and was appointed by the Count von Schulenburg-Angern, minister of Angern and Wenddorf. For the account of his entrance on his new office we refer to his French biographer, principally for the value of some superadded remarks of his own. If he were at this time touched by the spirit of Christianity, he had by no means clearly apprehended it. Yet he began his labours with extraordinary energy. Not yet knowing, experimentally, that from the heart proceed the issues of life, he believed that by beginning with external things he should succeed in reforming his parish. He improved the schools, bestowing his time and attention on them in various ways: he instructed the teachers, established meetings among them for instructive intercourse. Among the Germans, music is ever a part of popular instruction; he composed a few happily simple and beautiful songs to favourite national melodies, for the use of his teachers and children. He employed his influence to suppress all disorders in his

parish, and successfully combated all the opposition that stood in his way. In a word, he performed the part of a conscientious moralist. How worthy to excite our sympathy is the sincere character, who, having entered the vineyard of the Lord, knows not yet that, notwithstanding all his labours, the soil will produce nothing—nothing but thorns and thistles, without a new creation! He cultivates, he manures, he pulls up with great labour and in the sweat of his brow a few weeds, but they grow up again continually, they overrun the ground. The season of vintage is come; he had expected grapes, but he gathers only wild grapes. His heart is wounded, for he can no longer content himself with false virtues; he has a different *idéal* of perfection; he has had a glimpse of the true dignity of man, to become one with God, and how is he to attain it? O Jesus, source of life, merciful Saviour, without thy love, without the new creation which thou hast accomplished in the bosom of fallen humanity, we should be reduced eternally to this sigh of despair, wrung from the sages of the world, by the overwhelming feeling of their weakness—“IMPOSSIBLE!”*

* “What then? is it possible for man not to sin? Impossible. (*ἀμήχανον*.) All he can do is to strive not to sin.” Epict. iv. 12, 19. The heathen authors are full of these sorrowful confessions.

Möwes soon felt how unsatisfactory were the result of his labours. The deep experience of his life; the occupation of his sacred calling; the need which he deeply and sorrowfully felt of knowing clearly the way of salvation, that he might point others to it; the peculiarity of his mind, which could do nothing by halves, but must comprehend thoroughly whatever it once seized; the death-like coldness of all that surrounded him in the church and the universities; the uneasiness of a thoughtful mind, feeling that nothing could satisfy it—all drove him to a new source, which as yet he had only perceived—to the Scriptures. He cast his line in this ocean: at the break of day, and late at night, he read with deep thought and anxious prayer the word of God. Rejecting all systems, all previously-formed opinions, he would know, by personal examination, what were the contents of the Bible. He there found truths which solved the whole enigma of his past life. He found it affirmed, and his experience bore witness to it as a fact, that man's *nature*, not some dispositions merely, is sinful. Here was the true explanation of all the struggles of his own spirit, of the unconquerable evil around him. Then was he humbled to receive *life*, not barely *help*, from the crucified One. Then was unveiled before him the mystery, how through his death

we live; then, too, he comprehended the truth
sung by our own poet,

“The cross once seen is death to every vice.”

His spirit had awakened to a new life; all things took a different aspect: feeling himself powerless and weak, he looked to the Strong for strength, and appropriated, through faith in his Son, the might of Jehovah. All things became possible to him. The mist was rolled away from the scenes of time, and he walked onwards towards eternity through a world made radiant by its light.

CHAPTER II.

Sweet in his undissembling mien
Were genius, meekness, candour seen;
 The lips that loved the truth ;
The single eye, whose glance sublime
Looked to eternity through time.

MONTGOMERY.

“ I lately noticed, with some surprise, an ivy, which, being prevented from attaching itself to the rock beyond a certain point, had shot off into a bold elastic stem, with an air of as much independence as any branch of oak in the vicinity. So a human being, thrown, whether by cruelty, justice, or accident, from all social support and kindness, if he has any vigour of spirit, and is not in the bodily debility of either childhood or age, will instantly begin to act for himself with a resolution which will appear like a new faculty. And this resolution being sustained entirely from his own resources, being compelled to deliberate without consultation, and execute without assistance, will have a solitary union and concentration, which will make it totally decisive.”—FOSTER.

ONE peculiarity in Möwes' mental history was, that he stood alone throughout, and, almost

without help from others, arrived at the knowledge and belief of Christianity. He once said, "I know I have many persons to thank for different things, but it was God who led me to himself; my thanks for spiritual good are due to Him alone."

At a later period, the writings of Dräseke contributed to the further development of his Christian principles. He valued them highly, particularly the later ones: to his devotional spirit, and the peculiar depth of his views, his own soul perfectly responded. He speaks of this author in a letter, bearing the date of March 7th, 1831, addressed to a lady to whom he had lent a work, entitled "The Way through the Wilderness," by Dräseke:—

"How attractive 'The Way through the Wilderness' must be to you, I can imagine. There one speaks who has himself found the right way, and who knows what truth is: who is not bewildered by the learning of the schools; but who, with an honest and simple heart, has given himself to Him who is the light of the world, extinguishing as meteors the other luminaries of the earth, and keeping the true light in his hand and heart. He is full of faith and spirituality; hence he seems to impart them to others. It must be a joy to *hear* him; it is a joy to read his witness for Christ. He and I can only be

compared in this particular, that we both know in whom the salvation of man and his true eternal life lie, and that we have both gone to him as to the centre of all things, as to the sun for all higher life. If they call me a follower of Dräseke, they do me great honour: I myself well know that in no point do I reach him. To a man such as he is, it is little; to a man such as I am, it is enough. Another might be silent without great loss; but were his mouth closed, the church and the Lord would have one distinguished herald the fewer."

The manner in which Möwes had been brought to the knowledge and love of the Saviour, invested his Christianity with a character of independence of human opinion. Never was he heard to adduce any authority but that of the Scriptures. He was enrolled under no human standard; he wore the colours of no party; he belonged to no sect. There was nothing in him assumed, nothing professional; he had, as it were, lived through the whole of Christianity: he appeared to advance no doctrine before he had tested it by practice, and rendered it part of his inner life. Thence no wavering found place in his mind; whatever opinion he adopted was securely his own. He could not be set wrong by the most acute counter observations; no doubt could again shake his convictions. He

did not hold a truth because he had learned it here or there, but because he had experienced it. None of his convictions were traditional, or simply admitted. Knowledge with regard to religion had no value in his eyes, except as it was vivified by faith.

His intellectual sight was remarkably clear. He surveyed a doctrine or fact of Christianity on all sides, and saw far into the reason of it. Thence arose certainty and tranquillity in its defence. It gave him a kind of vantage ground in controversy. He had then the appearance of the truth itself; his eye sparkled with light, his figure heightened, the most suitable word never failed him; and, as the occasion required, his logical acuteness, his glowing enthusiasm, his severe wit, his remarkable depth of mind, each in its turn was called forth. But, through all this, his affectionate desire of bringing the soul to God ever shone; and almost every discussion ended with his bearing witness to the happiness of the man who has found life and peace in believing.

Faith and courage were the strongly engraven characteristics of his mind. He had naturally, and to a higher degree through the influence of God's Spirit, a fearlessness, boldness, and freedom, that bowed before no power in the universe. His was a true heroic nature, inspirited

rather than depressed by opposition. He never trembled and shrank back from contact and conflict with the world ; but spiritedly and joyfully he wrestled with it, in the blessed feeling of infinite power, which through faith in Christ was his ; vanquished it in all its forms, and bound it to the triumphal chariot of his Lord. Faithfully as he served his king, and ready as he was to yield due honour to rank, he cringed to no power ; he would have defended religion and justice, before an assembly of kings, against all attacks, open or concealed, direct or indirect, with as much energy and sacred zeal, as in his own country parish.

Yet, with all this power and manliness, all these contests with the world, all this activity in outward things, Möwes was by no means wanting in the more delicate qualities of heart and mind. Characteristics apparently opposite were blended in him. He could not only bear contradiction, but would frequently yield the precedence in controversy to an opponent far beneath him in intellectual power. In argument he was pointed, deep, and clear. His power he had won from hours of deep thought. He would frequently occupy himself with examining the most secret recesses of the soul, and investigating the deeper mysteries of revelation. He might often be seen perfectly still,

absorbed in thought, with a smile on his lips, yet his eyes full of tears. "I have been taking a mental excursion," he would say, with a countenance glowing with light. His disposition was remarkably tender to the wants of his fellow creatures: the simple act of invoking a blessing on his own table would sometimes awake emotion, even to tears.

During the first year of the development of his Christian character, he was almost entirely destitute of Christian intercourse; he was cast back on himself; he nowhere found a mind that understood him. He had often much to suffer from the misconceptions and bitter judgments of the world. Yet he did not shun the world; we might say he sought it: he delighted in conversation. He would differ in no external respect from others, while his high sensibility and quick imagination enabled him to enter, by a kind of intuitive sympathy, into their thoughts and prejudices. Wherever he appeared, he brought with him a heart full of good will; it is not surprising, that when once known, he was eagerly sought.

This want of Christian intercourse, however, contributed to give a certain solemnity and reserve to his character, which did not entirely forsake him in his sportive moods. To it might also be attributed something peculiar, almost *one-sided*,

in his views ; this, however, he entirely lost at a later period, as he associated with Christian friends and families.

How the development of his interior character told on his public life, on his views of his office, and his consequent performance of its duties, may be easily conceived. It is scarcely possible for a pastor to identify himself more fully with his people than he did. He lived entirely for them. Nothing that occurred in his parish left him unmoved : what happened to any member of it, happened to him ; every sin of which he heard drove him to repentance ; he felt as though a share of the guilt was his. He fostered and cherished every germ of spiritual life, glorifying Him who had implanted it. He never met the members of his parish without speaking to them in the name of the Holiest. Slight as their connexion with such subjects might be, he knew how to make use of the commonest incidents, in pointing his associates heavenward, and how to find, in affairs of daily occurrence, illustrations of something better.

He had, to a high degree, the power of making the sinner tremble, and of skilfully and kindly raising the depressed and penitent heart. He stood before the sinner as an accusing conscience, and often with a word, a look, produced the greatest effect on his spirit. The characteristic

noticed by one of his dearest friends is strikingly true. "A glance of his friendly earnest eye, which always seemed as though looking into that higher world, was enough to awaken repentance and shame in the minds of those to whose inner condition his conversation was directed: they felt themselves condemned by his glance; a glance, marked perhaps only by those whose consciousness interpreted it: and again, they felt half consoled, when, with so strong a disapprobation of guilt, they saw so cordial a desire to help the guilty."

Seldom do we meet with a pastor whose conversation is so valuable as his was. His whole life was a continued sermon; every one who came within his sphere must have proved this. His individuality was so powerful, the strength of his faith so triumphant, so evidently directed to its object, that those who entered his circle were soon won over to the truth, or speedily compelled to fly his society, in order to save their earthly inclinations and worldly characteristics from the holy energy of that spirit which Möwes so powerfully brought to bear on them. "I always feel when with him as though I heard myself reprovèd," said a worldly-minded man. Another, who was seeking the truth, remarked how in his society he felt the riches of God's goodness. "A visit to the parsonage," says

one who understood him, "was like a visit to the temple of God. I unbosomed myself to him most unreservedly, when I most needed to be invigorated and refreshed; and never did I leave him disappointed. He threw a charm round the most indifferent objects of daily existence by the brilliancy of his intellect; but his conversation, when our spirit's life became its object, was beyond description. It seemed while we listened to him, as if he had taken a glance into that world which is afar off; and as he, with holy joyfulness and almost inspiration, extolled the love of God in the incarnation of our Redeemer, we proved the truth of his word, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst;' we felt it, we grew holier in such society."

A fulness of spiritual life was his: an overflowing spring was opened in the depth of his soul, which gushed forth as if eager to impart itself to the thirsty wanderers of the wilderness. Hence into many minds, hitherto strangers to Christ, he without wearisome effort cast, as it were, the seeds of a new life, which soon sprang up into perceptible existence. He was remarkably quick in discovering the hidden good of a character. His eye recognised the Christ-like while it yet lay concealed, where, as yet

unperceived, perhaps, by the soul itself, a new creation was about to be unfolded.

The same character, deep, earnest, energetic, and affectionate, was to be traced throughout his pulpit labours. A sermon was not to him the work of a day. It was not a mere outward act; it was an expression of himself. It occupied the whole week; he had it almost daily in his mind. Often might he be found with his first sketch before him, his eyes filled with tears. What he announced on the Sunday was always the fruit of the most earnest prayer, of the most careful industry, and often of deep sorrow of spirit. He considered nothing more arduous but, at the same time, nothing more noble, than the office of a preacher. "You sometimes fondly accuse me of not taking interest enough in your concerns," wrote he to his absent wife, "of being silent and serious when I ought to be more anxious about you, more occupied with the claims of affection; but can you not place yourself in my situation—in the situation of a man who feels the weight of his calling, and who delights to fulfil it, who sees increasingly how much is involved in it—how much is involved in being a preacher in the name of God's word and Spirit, and who would, too, be ever up to his mark? Can you wonder, if, occupied in such thoughts, I have little susceptibility to other matters—if, fast held by things

unseen, I cannot escape from their circle? It is one thing to think on the objects of common life, another to think on those on the invisible world: in the one case the thread is almost as easily taken up as broken; but not so in the other: to the one the soul is naturally drawn, but to reach the other we must overcome ourselves. In short, should I sometimes pass by you as you would not wish, then recollect and say to yourself, that still you are my own dear wife."

He thus speaks of the importance of the pastoral office, in a letter to a friend who had entered on it a short time after he had himself laid it down. "Your letter, my dear brother-friend, was a pleasure to me in more than one respect. It came from a place to which my thoughts so often turn, where my character so earnestly and energetically developed itself, where I received so many blessings, and passed through so many trials. It came, too, from you, who were long so near me, and the course of whose life was so closely interwoven with my own. My thoughts are often with you. I know the anxiety and care which must lie on you, sustaining the office you do. Great things are required in it, and by no one more than by him who fills it: no one knows better than he what those hours are, on which the eternal life of his hearers may hang. When he measures his power with his will—his

performance with the wants of his parish—his ever-accumulating work with the fleeting hours, his heart will indeed sink. It seems to me, that this serves, among other things, to lessen man's presumption; to make him feel deeply how far from a trifle it is, to fill an office demanding increasing diligence, and high endeavour; and so that, in the end, he accomplishes more. The way is indeed toilsome and full of labour; but the beautiful and great will be won, and won by energy and strong effort. I read with the same pleasure with which you wrote it, that lately the accumulated work has been happily gone through. It is as if a man had climbed up good part of a steep mountain, and can now for a moment stand still, and take breath: but the mountain is still higher; indeed, we cannot see its summit.

“Christmas is before you. True, no season in the whole church-year is more delightful than the festivals, but they cost labour and considerable effort. What we can do, we do with joy; but it will seem sometimes as though we were tasked beyond our ability. Only see to it, that you are ready with Sunday's work on the first days of the week, thereby you will husband your strength, and be at liberty to give thought to your other clerical duties.”

In a letter to another friend who had lately

undertaken the clerical office, he characteristically writes :—“ My last letter to you was, if I am not mistaken, addressed to a friend who was taking the pastoral staff; that of to-day will be addressed to one who has now for some little time borne it. Your new office has become a familiar one; an old one I cannot say, *that* it never will be to you. You now understand your problem: your eye is fixed on your aim, and you strive to attain it; not beguiled, on the one hand, by too bold hopes, nor retarded, on the other, by unfavourable experience. You have now certainly tasted the sorrows and joys of a man who would take away their heaven from men, and point out and secure for them *that* heaven of which God alone has the key. You have sown in his field; and your heart, which full gladly would have rejoiced at the abundant fruits and flowers, is now silently content, when it meets with less than it had hoped, in quiet fidelity seeking still to serve Him, content with a glance at Him who trusts you to scatter his seed, and to whom alone the harvest belongs. We have often talked of visiting you in your home. I confess, were I there, I should with much pleasure remain many weeks, and, as it were, live through your duties with you; and share the zeal, solicitude and pleasure, with which you respond to the call of the great Shepherd, ‘Feed my sheep,’ and endeavour to

fulfil a vocation, than which I can conceive none greater. Yes, a pastor, who merits the name, in whom another life than this earthly one has, through the mercy of Christ, begun; who, with the apostle, can say, 'I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me;' who seeks how he may make others happy through Him in whom he has found happiness; is, I confess, in my sight, an interesting, highly to be venerated character. His is a life whose fresh sap ever puts forth fresh flowers and fruit; a life that, like the ark of Noah upheld by the hand of God, is borne over the mountains and valleys of earth; a life in which a man sees, as in a mine, treasures of gold; a life from which his eternity is filled."

In these words Möwes unconsciously gave his own portrait. His preaching may be briefly characterised. Christ was the centre round which all revolved, the source whence all flowed, the object to which all tended. Never was self less prominent in pulpit services than in his. High as his own standard was, he judged most kindly of the preaching of others. We cannot better describe his style than by referring to a letter in which he speaks of a distinguished preacher among his contemporaries. "I see no reason to join in the judgment passed on him, that he is severe; if by that is understood anything that goes beyond his Master's will. He

raises up no new sin : he calls nothing sin that God calls otherwise : what he says is truth ; he calls nothing good and praiseworthy that is impure in God's sight. He is no preacher of mere morality, who burdens yet more heavily those who are bowed down, and tortures the conscience with a hundred precepts, and in the end makes of man a self-sufficient hero of virtue, with whom it is worse than with the publicans or tax-gatherers of old. He is not such a character, any more than was John or the other apostles. But he leads the worn spirit to Christ, and knows no other morality than love to him—no other moral principle than a heart which, for the Saviour's never-ending love, loves in return ; even as St. John says, ' We love him, because he first loved us.'

“ This man is made to gather a flock to God : he may know much ; but it is not learning that qualifies him for it. He may understand much ; but it is not his wisdom that prepares this success for him. He has something that learning and study never won—he has found **THE TRUTH**, and rejoiced in it. The word he announces is nothing he has discovered by deep thought, composed and arranged with art ; but it is something drawn from within, from the experience of his own life : ' it is in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life.' This power lies in his

words; men feel them. It is the truth from on high he delivers, and as such he has learned it. Hence we find in his discourses that charm, which results from the presence of that truth which can make man, miserable and fettered a thousand-fold as he is, free."

We will add to this description the testimony of one of his most constant hearers.

"There was something peculiar in his preaching. He could say what others long before had said, and what many will say in time to come; but his manner of saying it was quite different from that of all others, because it arose from his inmost soul: his own peculiar fervour spoke irresistibly. He had also the power of awakening feeling in his hearers by a word, a look, which they could carry with them into their ordinary life, and which would so act on the spirit, that one sermon became, as it were, the parent of many."

From his distinguished gifts, his richly spiritual and powerful eloquence, and the adaptation of his preaching and conversation to the cultivated and distinguished, as well as to the humble and illiterate, Möwes appeared peculiarly fitted to take the charge of a large and mixed parish in a populous town. Probably he would have entered on such a sphere, had more established health and longer life been his. But he never

sought such a prominent situation; he had a far different estimation of himself: with unreserved obedience and the greatest delight, he bestowed his whole love and entire zeal on the comparatively narrow circle in which he was placed.

His sphere of action was considerably enlarged by his removal to another cure, after a residence of four years at Angern. In 1822, he was called to serve the parishes of Altenhausen and Ivenrode. This benefice was presented to him by the Count von Schulenburg-Altenhausen, who, as lord of the soil, had the nomination of the pastor.

Möwes entered on his new duties in comparatively good health. His sphere of action, though laborious, was exactly to his wish; his duty was his delight. He found in the noble house of his patron that appreciating consideration and cordial regard of which he was so worthy; he soon won the confidence and love of his parishioners; his church filled; many came to him to inquire the way of life. The blessing of his God was upon him. This fair commencement of his labours foretold a yet fairer progress: much was sown, and well might he hope for a joyful harvest. In his private life, too, all was bright. He was the husband of a woman worthy of his love; one son had at that time already added to his happiness; three lovely girls were afterwards

born to him in Altenhausen. Never was there a happier home than his; and never had man greater satisfaction in his wife, children, abode, and office. In speaking of his marriage, we adverted to the happiness he derived from it: his German biographer, who well knew it, has thus described it:—

“ On entering their house, you felt it was consecrated by the peace of God. The charm which pervaded it, showed itself less in outward bearing, refined as that was, than in kindness of heart shining through courteousness of manner. The love that delighted in hospitality, and that sought and prized Christian society; the highly intellectual conversation; a lovely circle of sweet children; the readiness with which the joys and sorrows of the stranger were shared; the refined and delicate wit that seasoned the conversation; the fine tact which excluded everything that was low, and smoothed down all asperities; the joyfulness with which suffering was borne; the glimpses of the heavenly kingdom which were here opened to every soul: in short, that faith in the Lord Jesus Christ which here marked the whole life, and which, in an uncommon degree, fixed the attention and penetrated the heart, could never be forgotten by any who entered the house; nor did any one ever leave it without feeling his spirit satisfied and richly blessed.”

In such tranquillity Möwes passed seven years ; his happiness was untouched ; he scarcely knew what sorrow was, and it almost seemed, by the deeply Christian tone of his mind, that he needed not to know it. Yet, at the sight of such untroubled peace, a feeling as of foreboding comes over us ; for is not the tranquil here, ever the treacherous ?

CHAPTER III.

The dead!

The only beautiful, who change no more :
 The only blest, the dwellers on the shore
 Of spring fulfilled. The dead!—whom call we so ?
 They that breathe purer air, that feel, that know
 Things wrapt from us.

HEMANS.

PERHAPS, that indefinite feeling of insecurity with which the sight of untroubled joy impresses us, may arise from a vague and scarcely perceptible recognition of the truth, that, deeply interwoven with our nature as guilt is, suffering is the appointed means of our purification. We look at one on whose path no shadow has yet been cast, with the same feeling as we regard a child at play, to whom we say in our heart, "Poor little one, he does not know what life is." We look on before him with apprehension, and see in the coming distance trials of which he perhaps little dreams. The highly spiritual character of Möwes seemed to divest *his* friends of

all apprehension as to his future. They thought that surely gold so pure could scarcely need the refining fire ; but it was not so pure as perfectly to reflect the image of the Refiner.

His sorrows began with the death of his early friend Charles Blume, in the spring of 1828. We may judge how deeply his loss was felt, from what we have already seen. How precious his memory was to the faithful-hearted one, now indeed left behind, we have before intimated : various poems, scattered through his works, inspired by this affection, have, to a very high degree, that touching simplicity and depth of feeling, by which so much of the domestic poetry of the Germans is characterised.

In the autumn of the same year, his health, hitherto so firm, began to give way. He suffered from a violent cough, accompanied by continual hoarseness. Unaccustomed to pay particular attention to his health, he considered it a slight passing indisposition, and continued the laborious duties of his office with his usual energy ; but the suffering at his chest rapidly increased. Of this period, his successor says :—

“ Christmas, that festival which the church celebrates with such solemnity in Germany, approached ; he was not willing to omit preaching ; he thought the pain of being silent on such a day would be more hurtful to him than the

exertion. He had, as usual, prepared with his own hand gifts for his dear children ; forgetting his weakness, he rejoiced as a child among them : the spirit supported the body. Until new year's day he mastered his suffering ; but a terrible reaction followed. Hemorrhage on the lungs, returning for some time, after very short intervals, reduced his strength so much, that the life of this invaluable man seemed passing away. He himself thought by the spring he should have reached his home ; and awaited his departure with perfect tranquillity, I might even say with joy. He prepared himself and us for it daily. His song entitled " Parting Words," was composed February 26th of this year.*

* This little poem consists of eight stanzas ; from the sixth his epitaph was subsequently taken. There is a characteristic beauty and joyfulness about the three opening ones ; they are in sentiment, and in some cases in expression, faithfully translated thus :—

" Have ye seen, O friends, that my eye is dim ?
 Have ye marked my failing breath ?
 Hark ! to the strain of my farewell hymn,
 Ere my voice is hushed in death.

" When my soul departs to her Father's house,
 And the faint voice no more ye hear ;
 Come ! come ! to the shadowy bed of death,
 With the song I love to hear.

" Sing to me of Him who has conquered death,
 Who our life on the cross has won ;
 Sing forth with joy, that I sink to sleep
 In song when life is done."

Alas! he had years of suffering yet to pass through, much to learn in sorrow; he had to be familiar with anguish, as with the companion of his lying down and rising up. Never to be forgotten by those who were then near him, is the testimony he bore in the midst of such sufferings to the supporting love of the Saviour. His physical strength was broken, he lay helpless on his couch, human skill attempted in vain to relieve him; but his spirit rejoiced in God. Whoever saw his eye beaming with hope, listened to the words of joy and gratitude that fell from his lips, and witnessed the calm joy with which he spoke of his death, might have esteemed himself happy, could he have exchanged his health for the blessedness of suffering and dying with him.

The more his affliction was prolonged and aggravated, the more clearly it was seen, that in everything which came from God, he made no distinction; he could praise and thank him for *all*. Seldom has any one borne suffering with such willingness—I might even say, with such rejoicing of spirit, as he. It was not an overstrained enthusiasm nor stoicism; it arose from no deficiency of feeling; he was keenly alive to the least sorrow, and often felt a thousand things which others scarcely perceived. The riper a heart becomes for heaven, the more easily it is

pierced by the thorns of earth. Möwes rejoiced in suffering, because it was a cross sent from God; because he knew, and never for a moment lost the full confidence, that it was appointed for his eternal good, and for nought beside; and because he became, through it, better enabled to be a witness to others of the Divine goodness to the sufferer. Never did we see his spirit sink, or his eye lose sight of God, in the hour of bitterest agony. Even when his body was shaken by the most fearful conflicts, his spirit was calm, indeed joyful. We could never comfort him, because he was always richer, stronger, calmer, more mentally healthy, than the friends who stood beside his couch.

His illness rendered it impossible for him to enter the pulpit. As he could not point his dear parishioners to Christ, he offered earnest and unceasing petitions for them to Him who is the Giver of all good things. How the thought of them occupied him, may be seen from a paper he caused to be read to them, March 29th, 1829.

“ He, whom God has placed as the servant of his word among you, greets you all, dear brethren. Peace be with you! Amen. I would rather speak to you face to face, but that God does not now permit; so receive this written word as though you heard it from my lips.

You know how, in the days of health, I have borne witness to Christ, that he is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. In the hour of sickness, I could bear no such public testimony; but, had you been by my side, you would have seen how the power of Jesus our Lord supported me in my weakness; how all that I needed—patience, a joyful heart, gratitude even for seeming evil, confidence in his care of mine, a happy spirit, for life or death—he gave me, and still daily gives. Of this I offer you a short testimony, in a hymn which suggested itself to my mind when my health was at the worst. My physical strength was broken, but my soul was vigorous in God's strength; *before* me was death, but *in* me was life, even Christ; my body languished, but my spirit rejoiced in my Saviour." He then introduces a short poem, full of beautiful imagery and sentiment, on the faithfulness of the Christian's God; and continues his letter:—"So far the poem: receive it as a sermon on Christ, from my couch of sickness; as a testimony to the honour of his name; then, living and dying, at first and at last, my word to you will have been, 'Blessed is he who believes in Jesus.' Forget me not in your prayers. I commend you all to the love of God the Father, and his Son. Amen."

He hoped by Easter, or before the close of

spring, he should be restored to active life here, or raised to a nobler scene of existence. He was content with either. Few have so vivid a longing after the heavenly country, with so strong a love of earthly life, as he had. Even under his greatest suffering, he rejoiced in existence; and although his spirit had, we might almost say, already taken its abode in one of the mansions of its Father's house, and earthly life was ever becoming poorer and poorer to him, yet had he still, for each lovely page of existence, a susceptible heart, and could rejoice even as a child rejoices.

His health improved with the opening spring. He exulted in the prospect of soon being able to resume his pulpit duties, and thanked God for the trials he had passed through, as enabling him the better to bear witness to his mercy and tenderness. On Ascension Day, he went into the pulpit again for the first time: though he was yet weak, strength, and joy, and life pervaded his discourse. His address made a deep impression, and one never to be forgotten, on his hearers. When he came out of the church, he lay for a long time on the bosom of his beloved wife, and wept tears of joy. The service had so exhausted him, that he dared not attempt another. His recovery made no perceptible advances. His chest remained in a distressing

state, and from time to time the hemorrhage returned; his whole frame was brought very low, and the energy of his spirit alone seemed to sustain him.

To his physical sufferings a new distress was added in the course of the summer of 1829. His beloved mother-in-law, in whom he had found an affectionate parent, died. Her memory is preserved in a touching little memorial of her loss, which he composed under the title of "Complaint and Consolation on a Mother's going Home," (*Bei Mutters heimgang.*)

The summer passed away, with its sunshine and balm, without bringing health to the sufferer; on the approach of winter his strength visibly failed. On the usually joyful occasion of Christmas, he was unable to serve the pulpit or altar, and was obliged to give up the service to a clerical brother.

It became increasingly clear to him that he was called to a greater sacrifice than any he had yet made, the relinquishment of his office. The worldly privations which would be consequent on such a step had scarcely a place in his mind; his soul was bound to his office; preaching was to him a sacred need; the earnest strivings of his heart, the whole direction of his life, his richest joys, were all bound up with the sacred duties of his calling: were they to cease, the better part of

his life would cease. In these things he had his being. He found himself in the situation of a man about to be robbed of his most valued treasures. The pastoral office had become to him almost synonymous with life ; it had, if we may naturalize the expression of his biographer, grown to his spirit, and could not be torn thence without leaving deep and lasting wounds : yet he always held himself ready for surrender, should it prove to be his Master's will. But the struggle was great ; it left him almost broken-hearted. What tears had he not shed, what prayers had he not offered up, before it was over ! Of this severing of life from life we will let him speak, in a letter which he wrote to a friend, April 3rd, 1830.

“ A year ago, you came to us, and found me ill ; were you to come now, you would not find me in health. I told you some time since, and then I could say so, that I was in a fair way of recovery ; but now the case is far different. If to-day I look back on the commencement of my illness, I can still cheerfully maintain my allegiance to my God, and I shall, I hope, do so, however long he may continue to deprive me of what I submissively, though yet painfully, need. It is not to be overlooked that the trial has lasted for no inconsiderable time ; so long, indeed, that I think, thank God, a little longer

will prove whether my surrender is pleasing to Him, and whether it will stand or not. One inward gain, as a costly jewel, has he given me through this outward loss; one comfort in the midst of the sadness of having been so short a time with my people; it is, that, during these months of silence, I have shown them that he who announced to them Christ as the Life of the world, has been made strong, through Him, to overcome the sufferings of this mortal life; and it will be, perhaps, my best, and last but one, if not last, sermon among them. To return to my situation. After I had for some little time felt myself stronger, I began again partially to perform the duties of my office. This lasted for a few weeks; my strength then sank; I could no longer conceal my inability from myself; I felt I must give up all—yes, ALL; even the pleasure I had hitherto held so fast, and in which I had so heartily exulted, that of conducting our Christmas service, of publicly rejoicing in the advent of that glorious One, who came down to us, and lived and suffered on earth as our Saviour. Now other events, one after another, were developed. I had then to meet those, whose inexpressibly affecting love would have bound me even with chains to Altenhausen and the parsonage. I had to meet them, and to say, ‘I can no longer serve you; painful as it is

to us both, my service in the office of preacher is at an end.' I next gave formal notice to government of my resignation; and now all is so far over, that I have retired from my much-loved, noble calling, to the place which God pointed out, and my office is filled by another. A—, soon after Easter, entered on it as my substitute, and eventually as my successor. Here stand all these events described in still, cold, mute letters! Oh! the marble that represents a man is cold also, it tells not of that which has made the heart bleed: but even though this heart has bled, I cannot otherwise feel, and say, and pray, than, 'Even so, Father, for so it seems good in thy sight.' Now the pastor Möwes is in a sense dead. Dead! he shall speak yet once more, if God will; but it will only be a dying word from the lips of the departing. As a private man, Möwes yet lives, but not as his friends would see him; he moves as a shadow, he eats and drinks as a sick man. There he stands as a reed; but he endures all, and blesses his God, even as if he knew nothing of all this suffering."

We again refer to the narrative of his personal friend. Möwes delayed the necessary change until June, when he resigned his office. Yet once again previous to this he preached. The delivery of the sermon was attended with

frequent expectoration of blood, yet he looked back on it with much satisfaction. The day on which he was to withdraw from his office arrived; he was strong enough to give up his charge to the friend who succeeded him at the altar. "Feed thy flock and *mine*," said he; and all hearts melted with his. Throughout this day, he was the strongest and firmest of us; but sometimes a tear would start into his large blue eye. He obeyed the precept, "And thou, when thou fastest, anoint thy head." His motto was, "Bear the bitterness of renunciation alone, and let it appear neither in the eye nor on the lip."

Before him now lay a future totally unknown. Though the mere necessaries of life would have contented him, yet his retiring salary could not be made sufficient to bring up his four children. This must have added to his other sufferings many privations; but he had long lost all sense of care, and was accustomed to say, "God takes care for me; he understands it far better than I: why should I not leave it to him?"

Though unable to continue his pastoral duties, Möwes was yet strong enough to be active in another direction; the recollection of his family determined him to look round for some occupation. "I look," said he, "on the development

of my future life with the unconcernedness and tranquillity of that man who has more than once before waited his appointment from our common Father, and who still can wait, because he knows that He is Lord of all the earth, and overlooks none of his children. I have resigned the office that filled my soul; the choice of another gives me no anxiety. One has my heart; every other will be to me neither more nor less than a situation, the avocations of which I will perform as well as I am able, from a sense of duty to God; what those avocations may be, gives me no concern. They will all be right, if I shall be able to supply the wants of my much-loved ones." He would have rejoiced if the office he obtained had any connexion with the church. "It is possible," said he, "that by the re-organization of the church, which the king appears to have in view, and which indeed he has, by the revival of the order of bishops, commenced, a place may be found for me, and such an one truly would I rejoice to take."

His God had otherwise appointed for him; and with his determination he was content. To a high officer of state, who had intimated his fear that it would be difficult to find a situation that would meet his taste, he replied, that he could honestly assure him that in any office to which he should be equal, he would find him a

persevering, true workman ; and that if he were reduced to be a hewer of wood, he would engage, with God's help, to be an able hewer of wood.

“ I know not,” said he in a letter, “ where such a man as I am can be placed. I have been accustomed to clerical and spiritual affairs exclusively. I have not troubled myself with the barren fields of the busy world. Man, the spirit of man, has engaged me, not his name or rank ; and I would fain hold some office connected with the former, and thus the prevailing desires of my mind find vent in action. In this case, others, who are more familiar with these things, will be best able to tell what will come the nearest to my wish.

“ Labour, of whatever kind it may be that my situation will demand, is not formidable to me ; many, in whose word I dare to confide, have given me to understand that I handled the opened gospel not wholly unworthily, but that, attempting high things, I so far succeeded, as that minds were strengthened and awakened, hearts raised and influenced ; this (now I may indeed say so) is a task in the discharge of which more is required than is necessary to fill with respectability other departments.”

In order to prosecute his plans more effectually, he resolved on leaving Altenhausen, and

residing at Magdeburg. The day of departure was fixed. Yet once again the weight of the surrender and suffering which were laid upon him, fell heavily on his heart. Many came to him the day before he was to leave, in order yet once more to hear a word from his own lips, once more to press his hand, and to thank him for his love and fidelity. He must leave those who were so dear to him ; he must no more announce to them the word of life, no more offer with them the sacrifice of praise on the altar of the sanctuary.

In the evening, he sank exhausted. His enfeebled body gave way under excessive agitation, and the struggle to master it. "So then all forsake me," he cried, and then wept bitterly. At midnight we were called around his bed; we thought him dying. Violent spasms at the chest threatened every moment to suffocate him. He lay in agony before us. "Oh, *He* has voluntarily suffered much more on account of our sins!" he exclaimed. While the deepest sighs escaped his tortured bosom, and his whole frame shook with convulsions, he said to us, "Be not anxious for my spirit; all is well, God is with me." After this fearful struggle had lasted for five hours, his chest became less painful; and towards morning the danger was over. He was, however, obliged to

rest for a week, before he could undertake the journey to Magdeburg; and it was not till the last day of August, 1830, that he left Altenhausen.

It will be seen that the narrative of Möwes' friend has been verbally adhered to in the detail of these events. He himself thus alludes to them, in a letter to his valued patron, the Count von Schulenburg Altenhausen. "You came to the vicarage on the eve of my departure from my dear, dear Altenhausen, as if by chance. I well understood your kindness: you felt, as I did, that it would have been unnatural for me to have gone without seeing you; but you would spare me the bitterness of giving you my hand in a last adieu, there, where eight years before, you gave me yours in token of welcome. You remember, my dear count, where that intimacy which now unites us was first formed; it was beside a grave, and I trust that at the grave alone will it be broken off. We both live, through God's mercy; yet we shall meet no more; no more on the sabbath, in that place where the glory of our God dwells, where I was so sure to meet you. No! no! this shall be no letter of complaint. There can be no complaint before Him who does all things well, and whom I can only praise: but if with this word a sigh of sorrow escapes, God forgive me that I

feel as a man. I cannot, nor would I, harden myself to that insensibility which, in the thought, '*It must be,*' closes the eye to what the supreme hand dispenses, and seeks to make a palladium for itself where painful events cannot reach it. What God does is worthy of man's regard and contemplation; when he allows days of happiness to come, he certainly intends us to recognise them as such, and to rejoice in them; and when he changes them for days of sorrow, they also are the gift of a Father, who would not wound, but bless. And if, on such a day, the morning or evening dew of still tears should fall, that also is well, if those tears become not a cloud to hide our beloved Father and God; if on them the eternal sun shines, painting the rainbow of peace, as the token of his unchanging mercy. And I see it, and therefore it is well; though my heart is often depressed, and often when I sit silent, and without soul for the external world, I am lost in thought. I sit, indeed, thirsty and weary by a spring; but by a spring which cools the burning air, and at whose waters I quench my thirst and am strengthened. For the rest, my long valued friend, it is well with me; such news is just what you want to hear, and such I think I shall always be able to give you. To receive the same intelligence of you and your dear house, is

indeed one of my liveliest wishes. The love which from the beginning to the end—yet no, not the end, that is not yet; but the love you have shown me from the first, has fallen on no insensible heart. I pray no more in the church for you, but God hears not there alone. His blessing on you!”

Möwes' health was not worse during the first weeks of his residence in Magdeburg. Writing of it, he says, “My health has not gone back all this time, though it would not have been surprising if it had. The waves have long beaten my little bark; and if at some moments she is fearfully shaken, at others tranquillity comes; the little bark still rides above the waves, and if she spring not a leak afresh, is now nearing the port. In fact, I find myself much better than I was when I saw you last. Those hours of suffering, when some irresistible power seemed about to thrust me out of life, have left no after effects but slight, insignificant admonitions of distress which at times come over my soul. My strength returned as suddenly, and almost as rapidly, as it was reduced: it continues to increase, my step is firmer, and my muscles are regaining their elasticity. I have not lost my cough, but its symptoms have changed, so that if nothing occurs to increase it, it may be quite gone in a fortnight. You see, I

watch myself narrowly. If you ask what more I do to gain strength, I answer, I allow myself to do nothing, as far as I can judge, which would impede nature's own process of restoration. I make use of God's sun as often as it shines, take fennel and Iceland moss, and—*am anxious about nothing*. So I think I shall be pretty well prepared for the winter, and after winter always comes spring."

To the same effect he writes, September 16th. "All goes well with me. I have carefully made use of these summer hours. Yesterday I walked very slowly for nearly an hour and a half, and sunned myself in the warm glow of day's bright orb: to-day again he seems ready to do me a kindness, for, early morning as it is, he looks unveiled down from the blue sky. I will not wait long, only to finish these lines, before I go out with my three girls, and walk before the door in the warm sunshine." And lovely were those three girls, with their bright blue eyes, and fair light hair, and their fresh, blooming countenances, and their young affectionate hearts; most tenderly did they nurse their father, and earnestly did they pray to God for his recovery. Möwes was indescribably rich and happy in his home. Here the heart of the sufferer had not yet been tried. In about ten days after the foregoing letter was written, one

of these three girls lay a corpse. In a letter dated October 6th, he writes :—

“Your tears, my dear A—, have flowed with those which love has here shed, and still sheds; tears of separation. Separation! this is a thing which has so long, and under so many forms, been presented to me—this is a word, whose meaning God has given me so many opportunities of learning, I know it now thoroughly, and for this knowledge I thank Him whose love and glory the darkness of earth cannot conceal. You, who for many years have been witness of my life and its varied experience, know that more than once I have had the near prospect of myself passing over that threshold which our dear, sweet Eliza has crossed; this step has indeed made a bitter separation, but for her who took it—who took it, God leading her by the hand, it was no fearful step. The event which I looked for, which I seemed appointed to meet, did not happen—that which I did not expect has occurred. She was full of life and young strength, and the flower has fallen with the first falling leaves of autumn. It is a thing I cannot yet realize. It does not become familiar, it is only *not more new*. This event has now given me an opportunity of learning the full value of that salvation, which we owe to the Prince of life. Without him, I should be

afraid for my beloved child; without him, I should be afraid for my wrung heart; but now distress and death have little to do with me. He revives the heavy-laden. You must not think that eyes filled with tears, seeking and not finding, testify against these words; nor yet the outbreakings of sadness which at times overshadow the countenance. Though the sun stands fast in the heavens, there are often shadows on the earth; and though the light shines, drops of dew will hang on the leaves. Oh yes, it is a distress, even for the heart of faith, to learn, in a beloved child, that the life of man is like grass, which in the morning groweth up, and in the evening is cut down, and withereth. When man looks only at that which is before his eyes, what is it he sees? A horrible spectacle, desolation, the power of the densest darkness—of death. A stony heart might feel, and a withered one begin to bleed. Oh! mine could not divest itself of these human feelings, and it cannot yet. It beat with love for her who is gone home, and still does it; but this feeling is not pain, it is no sentiment of sorrow, that I would be free from. It is not grief about what has happened, and my inability to prevent it. No! dear, dear as my Eliza is, I would have nothing otherwise. I am content with what my God has done. There is only wanting

to me the *sight* of what I believe, and what I know with perfect certainty, because he who is the Truth has declared it to us. What, then, I now feel is only an attractive power, which comes to me from her, whom God has united with me for an endless life; an attraction from her heart to mine, which must yet wait till it shall have learned to give God the honour in all things. I have done so with regard to the death of my dear child: I have done so, weeping and praying by her deathbed and her grave. I am now reconciled to the thought that she is gone away. I seem, when I think of her, to have a new power of vision, by which I look through all clouds, even to the circle where, through the mercy of that God to whom I have so often commended her, she has taken her place. My dear wife has been true to her faith, only her maternal heart feels yet more acutely than mine; but her love cannot err, for faith is the light of it."

A day earlier he wrote to a friend: "My eye has become so much clearer than it was wont, through Him who gives sight to the blind, that I can see the eyes that our Eliza closed have not become darker, but brighter; we have yet to feel our way through the night, while she, taken from the land of darkness, through the strong arm of the gracious and merciful Saviour, walks in light.

Yet I will not say that no feeling at the heart causes me pain; truly there is—but what pains me? Not our Eliza, for I know what in the kingdom of Christ, and through him, death is; I know through him what life is; how much on the one hand it is worth, when he lengthens it out to us—how little on the other hand is lost, when, instead of the shadow of life, he gives us the substance. Yet is my heart full of something, for which I have no proper name. It is as a glass filled to the brim, which, when we touch it with the finger, or it suffers a slight shock, runs over. So is it with me: many recollections of the past, many thoughts which I seek to control, seize my spirit, and all is tumult. It is then as if the sea overflowed.* But none of these things shake the hold that God has on me. In our dear Eliza's going home I recognise his act. He can show nothing but love and mercy; and I gain, or rather he gives me, strength to ascribe, even in this, honour to him, in full confidence that that for which we can scarcely restrain tears of *sorrow*, in reality demands tears of *joy*. In this state I passed through the day which was truly our heaviest. I had a cross of evergreens laid on that form beneath which never more will

* It is difficult to render this passage by sober English prose. It is in spirit an equivalent to the line of our poetess, "The sea is in our souls."

a heart beat; that cross signified to me, she belongs to Jesus, and through him the heavenly inheritance, with its rich gifts and treasures, has been purchased for her, and is now securely hers. I followed that form out to the place of peace; my Adalbert strewed flowers on the grave and on the descending coffin; and before the earth covered the earthly, I was sufficiently composed to fold my hands, and bend my knee, and open my lips in prayer. Then I returned back; at home I have her no longer, but I have her in heaven."

"Death itself," wrote he, on the same occasion, "the fading, and at last the disappearance, of all life's traces, shakes not my steadfastness. In our view, death is nothing to me; for our Lord Jesus Christ, who shows us in his own person the image of his heavenly Father, has brought life and imperishable existence to light. He has in his hand all who come to him by faith in his word, and no man can pluck them out of his hand. And what is of no small importance, it is he who calls them out of life, whatever circumstance may be the visible cause of their departure: he calls a man, and nothing in the universe can detain him; nor can anything in the universe drive him out of life, when he will have him remain. Ah! therefore in the midst of my grief I am calm, and my wife is tranquil

too ; she is so, because, like me, she has faith in One, excepting in whom no consolation or help is found. In communion with Him, we seek our tenderly beloved Eliza, not in the grave. For we know where she is, and are assured we shall find her again ; we know to whom she has gone home, and how unfailing Love cares for her in her new abode. If we are sorrowful, we yet have peace, peace in our God and Saviour."

Möwes was not of those who, from a weak sparing of self, shun the remembrance of a beloved departed one, because this remembrance disturbs their tranquillity. He spoke willingly of his dear Eliza, and often as if she were still one of the sister band. On Christmas eve, her portrait was on the table, and before it the usual gifts were placed.* As often as he mentioned her, it was with pleasure, and smiles shone through his tears. "Tears," said he, "for a beloved one gone home, are a kind of holy, mysterious communication from us to the world of spirits, to which an answer comes from the Saviour, ' You shall see each other again, and

* Christmas eve is celebrated throughout Germany as a family festival. The whole household assemble, make presents to each other, and pass the evening in cheerful and affectionate festivity. There is not a family in the country, where there are children, in which the time is not observed. It is emphatically called "der Glückliche Abend," (the Happy Evening.)

your hearts shall rejoice.'” He would talk in an indescribably touching way, with his other children, about their sister who was with their dear Saviour, and who yet loved them. He celebrated her birthday as usual, as if she were still with them.

A month after the death of his child, he thus writes :—“The fruit of humble, strong, joyful resignation to God, the renunciation of our will and wish, and the acknowledgment of his will, with the simple, entire faith of a child, grow only in that field which we call misfortune, which has been torn up by the ploughshare, and prepared for the good seed. We learn this truth, too, from the life of our Redeemer. He also was made perfect through suffering; he too must pass through sorrow to his own glory. Oh! was there no other way for Him, and shall *we* refuse to be conducted through it? Shall we not rather, when such a path is opening before us, raise our head, and assure ourselves that our redemption draweth nigh? If our body be a close prison, the prisoner therein is of noble origin, and the chains which bind and wound him become a ladder on which he mounts up to freedom, and which, in the hand of his Saviour, shall be the means of raising him to his holy home. Oh, blessed truth! Oh, refreshing draught from the spring of living waters! You know the trial that our house has

experienced, the suffering that has overflowed the mother's heart. I have talked over to-day with her, for the first time, the late events. I fear not to speak of them, I fear not to touch the wound made by our Eliza's departure. Shall I look at nothing but what I have lost? No! He who has called her has done me no wrong. He has enabled me to yield one so unspeakably dear up to Him, promptly and without complaint. He has so truly caused me to feel the happiness of being a member of that body whose head is the Prince of life, who keeps all his members joined to himself. In his love for man, whose life is as grass, and who, during his long wanderings on earth, must pass through the purifying fires of manifold sufferings, both physical and mental, that he may be raised to heaven—He, I say, in his love, has spared the refining fire, and from the flowery paths of childhood has opened up a path to the land of eternal youth, to the land of light and freedom. I cannot understand those who turn away their thoughts from such beloved ones as have departed. Oh! how willingly we talk of the brother, the friend, the child, who tarries in a foreign land! and how can we otherwise than with pleasure speak of her who has gone away to her *home*? And even if sorrow presses, and unbidden tears gush, joy and sorrow ever walk hand in hand on this earth,

and the one cannot rob me of the other. Sorrow is only like the shower in the time of winter frost, which quickens our longing for the spring, and shows us, across the cold plains of this winterly existence, the green fields of an unchanging life. The remembrance of a beloved one who is gone home, is to me one of the most joyful of feelings ; and I cannot conceive it possible for a man to have a dear friend in another world, without, when circumstances recall him, bringing him, as it were, into the circle, and speaking of him, and tarrying, even though it be with a swelling heart, long and gladly with him in imagination. That shrinking from the mention of the dead reminds me of the sensitive flower, which draws up its leaves together when any one approaches to touch it ; it is so mean-spirited to withdraw into one's self, and set up a childish defence against any little touch that might hurt us. To be on one's guard lest any thought of the departed should come too near ; to avoid it when it does come ; to break off the subject as soon as possible, when a word must be heard or spoken on it ; and to justify one's self on pretext of sensibility, sensibility that the thought of our lost ones excites ; how does it consist with the love we have for them, or rather with that we say we have ? how does it in the least agree with even an ordinary

Christian view of our departed ones? What is man's love, if it cannot bear to hear of his loved ones that are gone? if, for fear of being agitated by the thought, he would rather not think of them at all? if, to spare himself, he will act so unnaturally? I can see nothing in it but the miserable, weak self-love of an ill-regulated heart; provided he knows that there is another life beyond this upon which they were entered. But here there is seen the difference between knowledge and belief. The informed man *acknowledges* there is another world; the Christian firmly *believes* therein: it lies in the understanding of the former, he has an idea of it; the latter has it living in his heart, he has the thing itself. The one can speak of it as a mathematician speaks of the properties of a triangle on which he is thinking; the other lives therein as his home, which he has certainly and truly found: to one it is a set and ready phrase, which, like dry abstract reasoning, leaves him cold; the other has experienced the loving power of the word, it has indeed become part of his own life: therefore the one remains weak and disquieted, while the other lifts up himself vigorous and full of peace. I must say with the apostle, 'Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!'

CHAPTER IV.

Bright out of present darkness light shall shine,

And out of present sorrow joy shall rise ;

Oh trust we then the guardian hand Divine,

Nor marvel if our God, supremely wise,

Choose a rough path to lead us to the skies ;

The path his Well-beloved hath trodden first.

Is it not bliss, when tears suffuse our eyes,

To know that He shall wipe them ? When we thirst,

To know the Lamb shall lead where living fountains burst ?

c.

WE have seen in the last chapter how suddenly and totally the whole complexion of Möwes' life was changed, and how submissively and cheerfully he bore that change. We shall now have to trace his onward way ; and while we see "sorrow still dodging him at every step," and uncertainty hanging as a cloud over to-morrow's path, we shall learn that even such things can "work together for good to them that love God." Möwes became poorer in his outward circumstances, but his inner life unfolded itself the more

richly ; he was more and more enfeebled by sickness, but his soul enjoyed increasing health ; his physical frame became weaker, but so much the more vigorous waxed the strength of his spirit ; his life's way became more and more solitary, but so much the closer grew his fellowship with his Saviour : every loss was to him a real gain. " Life is a school," he wrote to a friend ; " sacrifice and self-renunciation are the lessons the Master appoints ; inward strength and tranquillity the rewards which we shall receive when all is borne." Thence was it that his friends could perceive in him no trace of life's sorrows. Despondency, irritability, weariness, melancholy, were unknown to him : triumphant joyfulness was his predominant characteristic. Hope, exulting courage, unwavering confidence of his salvation by Christ, made his path bright and his foot firm. Once only, in the latter part of his life, through the excess of suffering, his spirit fainted, but never did it despair.

On October 6th he wrote, " As to my health, the last means used have had no remarkable effect, yet it appears progressive." He remained in the same state to the end of the year, not materially worse, yet passing no day without symptomatic suffering. The loss of blood from the lungs was frequent, and the general tone of his system was very low. Still it appeared

likely that he might pass the winter without relapse, and his friends hoped that with the return of spring his health would rapidly improve. In a letter dated December 6th, he gives the following account of himself: "I dare not close without saying something of my health. There was some foundation for the report you mention; I had not been heard to cough violently for some time, and my strength had decidedly increased at that period; but a change has occurred since: late on Monday evening, the suffering on my chest came on, and the old wound was re-opened; but after rather more than an hour I obtained very good sleep. Now all is again calm at my chest, and last night (I only say this because I know it will give you pleasure) I slept exceedingly well. As you may suppose, the prospect of the return of my suffering did not disturb me—*why* not, you know equally well. On Sunday, R—inquired after my health; I replied, 'If not quite a giant, at least half a one.' He remarked, 'Möwes has, indeed, always good spirits.' He is not quite in the wrong, thought I, and replied, 'Why should I not? I have eternal life.'"

Though Möwes was separated from his dear Altenhausen, and from that sphere of action in which he had so much exulted, yet his heart remained there, and he took a lively interest in all

that occurred in his old parish. One instance of this we may give, in a short extract from a letter, written by him for a young couple, who had earnestly but vainly desired to receive from him the nuptial benediction, and who were leaving their early home for a distant land. "They are going to dwell by the far sea coast. It must be a pleasant abode. The sea, with its immeasurable extent and depth, is an altar of the Infinite. In the roaring of its waves, and in the thunder of its breakers, a commentary on the text, 'I am the Lord,' is heard. It is the source whence all rivers and streams are supplied, and to it they all flow as to their bed of repose. So is it a fit symbol of Him who is the centre of all things, in whom we live, move, and have our being; the eternal, rich, inexhaustible Spring, whence, early and late, salvation and blessing flow to us. May they who are about to depart for such a home refresh themselves at that source, and be satisfied with its abundance. Give them this wish from me, as the true nuptial congratulation."

We see how fondly his spirit lingered in his beloved parish, in a letter he addressed to a lady who had sent him two sketches, one of Altenhausen, and another of Ivenrode. "You have placed before my eye the spot and country which were the scene of my latest and dearest

labours; where I moved the most freely and joyfully; where I won my fellow men to the faith of the cross, and to eternal happiness; where each day was happy and blessed; where I passed through deep experience, and endured my first trial; where I sustained fearful conflicts, and overcame a twofold death, which would at the same time have severed me from life and from my office. There is the parsonage where my beloved wife placed round me four joyous children, where serene and earnest hours of social intercourse were mine, where I passed hours in thoughtful preparation for my public services, and where I too conducted them with such tranquil pleasure. Here is the footpath leading by the pond to the church, which I so often trod with an almost anxious heart, as if with some presentiment of what was before me, yet never without that joy which is natural to the servant of such a Lord as mine. To the left is the church itself, the field where I sowed, the house of gladness in which I rejoiced, the height whence we beheld the earth beneath us and her clouds under our feet, and felt the light from above shining brightly upon us; the gate of peace, from which the sabbath bell sounded as the echo of triumphant alleluias. At the side is the castle, worthy of the church, and of which the church was worthy, and where I

ever found gateway and door alike open, which I rejoiced to enter, knowing they were not open to me as a man, but as the messenger of God. It was not without emotion that I cast a glance on the second sketch. It seems as though it were Sunday, and I had passed the tile-yard, and the mill, and was approaching with eager steps my dear, dear Ivenrode. There is nobody in the field, and above appears the village, as if waiting for the bell to proclaim the holy day, which was there so gladly hailed. And, still higher, the eye wanders away to the edge of the forest, not far from which stands a house where I was ever hospitably received, and whose inhabitants had become so dear to me; there I passed so many weeks last summer, in expectation of new life and strength, wandering through the forest, or bathing myself in the light of God's sun. The mill, again, points out to me a place where one dwells who showed me such true love, at the time when my strength was low; who was, if possible, more ready to show me kind service than I was to accept it."

Möwes continued to make every possible effort at Magdeburg to find a sphere of activity, which, while contributing to the support of his family, would offer him means of working according to his desire for the advancement of that kingdom which is not of this world. From

the many distinguished connexions he had formed, or rather, we might say, which had formed themselves round him, for he sought them not; from the great interest which his valuable character and fate had excited, and especially from his distinguished ability, he had much to hope. But all his efforts were in vain; his pilgrimage on earth was yet to be prolonged, while his painful inaction was at the same time to be continued. His God still kept him in this absolute and daily dependence on his sovereign will. Each time that a brighter horizon seemed about to open upon him, his hope was disappointed, and he had to learn anew to say, "*Thy will be done.*"

On December 2nd, 1830, he writes, "Nothing has been determined with regard to my outward circumstances. The report of government, and the minister's reply to my application, are now lying at Berlin. If I could only say, 'There is a place suited to me vacant,' I should succeed; but there I fail. When I was with the minister, he inquired what situation I had in view; I could only reply that I should be obliged to him if he would look out for a suitable one for me. I have stated that I am ready to go anywhere, but that an office that would continue my connexion with the church would be most acceptable." Preparatory to

taking a situation, he obtained employment, though without remuneration, in the office of one of the government secretaries, for the sake of familiarizing himself with such affairs.

Though Möwes was no longer a preacher, he still actively employed himself in the one object of his life; in making visible, as it were, the glory of his God, by efforts for the true happiness of his fellow men. "My former and peculiar sphere of action being completely gone," wrote he, "I yet find some opportunities of speaking a word in His name who has loved us unto death; and this happens, as formerly, when on Sunday I am going into or out of church. So you see I am not yet entirely cut off from my beloved work. A word of Him always comes right to you, so I shall send you one. It is a sabbath song, though indeed it is not unsuitable to any day."

He at that time contemplated publishing a course of sermons on the Epistles, which he had delivered in the year 1828; but difficulties lying in the way of the undertaking, it was abandoned. He entered a theological society, and was very active in promoting the object of its formation; he was also an efficient member of the Magdeburg Society in aid of Foreign Missions: he drew up the reports for the years 1831 and 1832. He took the liveliest part in the interest

which the preaching of his friend A— excited in Magdeburg, and warmly rejoiced in the important results which followed his labours.

Möwes understood and exulted in the true freedom of Christianity; hence there was nothing of the recluse in his character. Overcoming evil less by fleeing from it and avoiding it, than by looking it in the face, he used the world as others, and made one in all pure human relations. During his residence in Magdeburg, he entered into spirited social intercourse; the circle of friends which he there made will retain his memory to the end of life. His remarkable appearance; his generous eloquence, which displayed itself more richly, if possible, in conversation than in the pulpit; his graceful wit; the peculiar charm which resulted from the brilliancy of his imagination and the warmth of his heart, in combination with the uncommon clearness and depth of his understanding; his frank, independent character, which conceded to others the unshackled freedom it demanded for itself; his free spirit, ever ready to impart its treasures to others; his quick sympathy, which enabled him to rejoice with the happy and to weep with the sorrowful; all this gave to his conversation a magic peculiarly his own. He could say gracefully what few others would dare to say at all. He could give himself up to

lively and unrestrained intercourse without losing himself or his Lord in the world, making all things subservient to his holy faith : it pervaded, and blessed, and ennobled everything ; his whole existence bore the fine impression of his Christianity. Indeed, his smile, his wit, his most unrestrained sallies, seemed hallowed ; the rich variety of his character, the seeming contradictions of his nature, were by this one principle blended together and invested with a heavenly lustre. During the last years of his life, no movement of his spirit, no thought, no word, could be detected, which had not, however far off superficial observation might deem it removed, a most close, an organic, if we may so say, connexion with Christian faith.

Möwes watched with attentive interest the political movements of the times. Early in the year 1831, he composed "The Songs of the Prussian." They were two lyrics, which excited such general attention, that many thousand copies were circulated through the country. On the banks of the Rhine, the Elbe, and the Sprey, they were sung with the greatest enthusiasm.

These songs, little as it might be imagined, were written in spite of much pain and weakness ; his health had again sunk very low, and his prospects were darker than ever. A lady, who was one of his dearest friends, wished him

to try a new mode of medical treatment, which was then, and indeed is now, very much in vogue on some parts of the continent. She had already entered into correspondence with a physician on the subject. We give the reply he returned to her kind offer. "For all, I must thank you; I have again shared your care and thought in various ways. If God bless this new means, I shall be indeed happy, and you, whose heart is so large, will have the pleasure you desire for my sake. I have a larger or smaller circle of weeks to pass through, during which I shall have, as in the past, to solve the problem, how, in the alternate rise and fall of my strength, and in the ever-increasing brittleness of my invalid frame, my soul can take hold of the strength of Jehovah, and yet more fully win the eternal life of faith. In the meantime, however difficult this may be, I will not be discouraged; I will not fear, because there is nothing I so much desire as that my God may be glorified in me on the earth—yes, even as long as he sees it well. What his determination as to my future life may be I know not, and I abstain from all judgment as to where these things may end. But shall I honestly tell you how I feel? and will my words meet in you a heart that can remain *still*, and that can cast all care on my account on God? I must look for this from you. I would fain spare

you all anxiety about me, I would wish to unveil to you nothing but the joyful and untroubled life of my spirit; but the steps you have taken for me, the share you claim in all that is to be done for my health, compel me to give you a faithful statement. You hope something for me from this new discovery. I am willing to avail myself of it; it may be useful. You have already made some arrangements with * * * *. Believe me, if I had not for a long time well known your kindness to me, I should now know it; but so much the more do I regret that I must raise one objection against the matter. Here I am at the point I was before. I would not increase your care; but I must, if I tell you faithfully of my health. It has been sinking for the last fortnight, and I have been compelled to keep my room: you know a slight cause will not induce me to take such care of myself. Shall I yet further continue my detail? My hand resists, but you require it; and I too owe it to you, that you should not imagine worse than the reality. Sufferings of more than one kind try their power upon me in vain, as to my happiness, but not in vain as to my strength, which yields. There was a time at Altenhausen, when walking was a painful fatigue; that time has returned: my knees tremble, and bear me slowly along, the cough produces a pain at the chest,

and I often lay my hand there to give it ease. Sleep is a friend who but rarely visits me, though I slept last night for five hours, and that has invigorated me much to-day. Many equally evident signs of a weak and disorganized frame I pass over; it is enough of this tale." He then refers to some steps he had taken towards procuring a situation, and, after pointing out the uncertainty of success, he continues, "In this state of things a thought has occurred to me, which is too problematical, not to say chimerical, for me to regard otherwise than as a consoling idea; namely, if God raises me up, and I become strong again as the young eagle, and no other path is opened to me, then I should perhaps have courage to re-enter my forsaken career, and to try, under less arduous circumstances, how long my chest would hold out. But then I should not spare myself at all; I should not treat my life so carefully as I have done for the sake of my family; I should then have tried my utmost, and would exhibit the word of life till my God close my earthly existence. I rejoice that I am so completely ignorant as to my future career, for thereby I have learned to feel myself perfectly safe in the hand of the Lord."

On February 8th, 1831, he writes, "I strictly conform to my new discipline. For some time I have left off coffee, substituting milk, and

occasionally cocoa; the soup and vegetables I take are without the forbidden spice. My first dish in the morning is goat's milk, thickened with barley flour; my regimen is simple and unvarying to a degree. I have staid almost entirely within doors for three weeks, so that neither the north nor east winds can reach me: my cough has left me, or is very nearly gone. It probably originated in a cold taken by a predisposed subject: my chest is easier, and in other respects I am freer from pain. I am already contented with my sleep, only it is not till midnight that I can obtain it. My strength certainly falls somewhat short of Samson's. I am waiting for the spring: I know its power, which brings life to the exhausted; and I calmly look for it, and complain not of the raw days which may precede it. Yonder it stands, with its gifts, like a messenger from above. I shall heartily welcome it; whether it clothe itself for me in the glowing colours and flowers of earth; or whether, divested of the earthly, I shall behold it as a form of light in another world. Yes! to such a life, a life not hemmed in on every side, not held down, not placed in so frail a vessel, would I joyfully pass on. Such a wish certainly does not displease our God, nor ought it to displease you. It does not make me look anxiously away from life, nor yet anxiously into the world. But truly my

heart beats joyfully at the prospect of spring with its treasures of life; we understand the grand hieroglyphic which it calls up before us, from the dead and frozen earth. He, whose name is the Word, has pointed it out to us: on the rocky grave, from which He ascended like the young spring, did his sacred finger inscribe the word LIFE. Yes! yes! my heart rises up, it goes forth to meet life. Paul Gerhard sings, in his admirable hymn on the resurrection, 'The Hero stands on the grave, and looks triumphantly round him.' In the Hero's strength, I may too, perhaps, look round triumphantly on the grave, or beyond the grave: that were a joyful celebration of spring. This is the third spring that has found me waiting for new life and strength; should it be still in vain, yet will I patiently wait till He speaks the word, 'Now is my hour come.'"

A week later, he writes:—"I see, with a kind of alarm, that we are already in the middle of the month. The days pass away rapidly. Many things which to my thought occurred yesterday, I find, when I look back, took place a week ago. I often lose the reckoning of time; I confuse early and late. This illusion, I know, is not rare in a state of weakness; I have always heard it spoken of as an infirmity. I would not call it so; I would explain it otherwise.

Such a man stands on or near that boundary, to which time, as developed by months and years, extends, and on the other side of which is that which we call eternity, and with which no human measure of time can correspond; where no sun rises and sets, ruling the year, and dividing the day from the night; where earlier and later, at least according to our present use, will be words no longer. Therefore, understanding what is indicated by it, I may call this confusion of times not an infirmity, but rather a preparation for, or a pre-development of, that state which will arise on the coming change, and where questions as to the *when* will either have no signification or no importance; an approach or assimilation to that state which will have left the things of time behind. Still, I do not like to keep no better reckoning of time and its arrangements; your letter, so rich in goodness and love, ought to have had an answer before this. I am of your opinion—the earlier the journey to B— is undertaken the better.”

It was thought advisable to try the effect of the journey referred to, in connexion with his new course of regimen; partly for the sake of the change of scene and air, and partly that he might be near the physician under whose advice he was acting. He accordingly set out,

taking Altenhausen in his route. He remained at B— a fortnight, whence he wrote to his friends at Altenhausen. “I have seen you all again, and that not for a moment; I have passed a whole day with you. I have been in the parsonage again, and passed by my dear church, in the full consciousness of what these places once were to me; yet without my heart being distressed and sad. It is a faithful hand that is leading me, if the road is not quite even. Still, I could not but be conscious that I was weak, far different from what I was when I once visited the castle; yet did that passing day demand my thanks to Him who allowed it to me, and I can and do afford to offer them. I have met with the kindest reception here. I am giving this new system a fair trial; if it should gain no honour from me, I shall long to be at Magdeburg.”

He returned home, with the conviction that the suffering at his chest was but secondary to the master disease, which was deeply seated elsewhere. His health appeared improving till June, when the most alarming symptoms returned. On the 23rd, he wrote to a friend, “You have often known how weary it may be to wander on in the body; I too have felt it, and, during the last two weeks, in no slight measure. The body hangs as heavy as lead on

the soul ; you do not feel to be yourself, and sigh and long to be free from the burden of matter. It is like a man on a quagmire, who cannot disengage his foot from the loamy soil, and who, in spite of all his labour, cannot help himself out. Oh, how he longs for firm ground, where there is freer and easier walking ! And our walk is in heaven. There stands before us, through the might of Him to whom all things are subject, a glorious change ; and in the land of light, where the weariness of earth shall have no place, we shall have the freedom of life. The oppression of the material world done away, we, the blessed and the free, the unbound and ever active, shall possess a nature of light. Till then, for a little while, we may long for our life to come, but we will do this without dejected and impatient side-glances at this life. In the mean time, wandering, and erring, and sinning as we are, it is well that mercy and compassion have planted the cross here, as a way-mark from God, pointing out to the eye of the faithful the road to the City of Refuge. Thus earth becomes the way to that height to which our Lord has ascended, where labour and weariness shall be under foot. Here and there, on the road, we meet with a companion, who renders our wandering towards home a delightful walk, under whose escort, or in whose society, even the as-

cent of the rocky footpath seems easy; and, on the farther distance, bright eternal sunshine ever rests."

On the same day, his wife writes of him :—
"For the most part, he makes the best of the depression and want of the world; and where a pious, holy spirit gives peace to the soul, the body can so much the better bear sorrow, and suffering, and woe. Do not these remarks come naturally when I think of my dear Möwes? I cannot sufficiently thank God that he has again preserved to me the life of my beloved husband; and if I dare indulge but little hope for the future, I feel in my inmost soul that I am not worthy of the mercy shown me in this partial restoration. He was very ill, and if he slumbered, an indescribable anguish often fell on my heart, as if his dear eye would never open again: those were moments in which I could not conceive that I could ever again be happy on earth."

Again his fluctuating strength seemed coming back, and he could give better tidings of himself to his friends. To one he writes, September 14th, "Shall I now tell you of my situation? I must do so, because you have repeatedly desired it, and I rejoice that to-day I can give you much better news than I did some time ago. It is true, that my little boat, which had so often

mounted the billows and gone down again, had sunk once more to a fearful depth; I saw, if I may say so, the bottom of the sea; and it was no mere view, the waves broke over my bark as though they would dash it to pieces, and again ran mountains high. I felt their weight against my slightly built vessel, and out of the depths I looked earnestly upwards. Hitherto I had been sufficiently master of myself to allow no wish to predominate: neither desiring to remain, nor to go; neither anxiously wishing still to drive over the sea, nor longing to enter port. I left both the one and the other in the hand of my God. But now a wish escaped my heart, which hitherto I had not ventured to allow; it found expression in the lines I have sent you. I called from the deep; God from above raised the sinking vessel, but otherwise than I had expected. Where it was weak, there it was strengthened again; it had been almost stranded, but it now once more floated, and was borne onward, though slowly and wearily, over the sea of life. I have cause to offer heartfelt thanks to Him whose eye is ever watching over us. I see how He has turned the storm, so that I cannot enter the port which leads into the land of peace, in order that I may be yet purified and strengthened, before he makes use of me above. And when I cast a glance on my wife

and children, for their sakes too must I thank Him. My dear wife, I well believe, will not dishonour the way of the living God, through any heathenish grief, when, sooner or later, He takes me away from her. She will be sure that I am hers, even when she can only look at me on high. She will give Him honour even in this visitation, and her faith will triumph through quiet submission and joyful hope. Still, I know how much lighter the burden of life will be while I remain her companion. She is prepared for my departure, and is comforted by the thought, that our divided paths will meet again in the kingdom of our Saviour; yet she is sometimes fearful of a long journey here without me. 'May you but remain here,' she said, 'if only weak and inactive. If I can but have you, and see you, may you, though but a shadow, never leave me.' God has granted the desire of her afflicted heart. We can yet see each other, and my shadowy life is regaining colour and strength; this gives her joy, therefore my own is doubled." With touching truth, might these faithful-hearted ones have made the language, as they did the sentiment, of our sweet poetess their own :

" A little while, between our hearts
The shadowy pass must lie ;
Yet have we for their communings,
Still, still, eternity."

In a letter of the same date as the one just quoted, he speaks of the approach of the cholera. " Shall I now mention that thunder-cloud, which is the topic of general conversation, which all look out for, and which no one sees till it strike him or his ? To me it comes like a majestic tempest, mighty to make the most careless solemn, and to impress the boldest scoffer with the feeling of his dependence on a higher, an irresistible power. The world has in part learned what that means, ' God is a living God.' From his gifts of immediate good, the sun which he guides in its course, the blessings which he sends, the health which he bestows, the peace he guards, the harvests he blesses, they will not perceive that he is the living God. So now, through the fearfulness of his judgments, they must learn what manner of care His is. He is there on the earth, and walks among men with searching eyes, and marks from the thunder-path of his solemn progress if any will seek to know Him. You will calmly contemplate what fills so many with terror and trembling. In truth, I rejoice in that terror and trembling ; it is good for man that his comfort be disturbed, and his poor pride humbled ; his wandering heart, thus bruised, is prepared to receive the seed of faith ; it takes root, and rises, and bears the fruit of the fear of

God. Great precaution will everywhere be used, too much will be done to prepare *against* death, too little to prepare *for* death." In the spirit of these lines he composed a poem, of which he speaks in a later letter.

The sufferings of the last month were only the beginning of conflicts fearful beyond description. Early in October, intelligence reached Altenhausen that his death was near. "His agony is great, very great," wrote a friend; "yet is his couch of sickness a speaking witness that Christ has taken away the sting of death." "A heavy time is over us," wrote another friend, who was staying in the house; "yet God will sustain our hearts, that we shall not be wholly unblest under this sore grief. We have trembled at the sight of our dear Möwes' fearful sufferings; we have prayed earnestly, as we never did before; and, through God's mercy and faithfulness in Christ, he now lies calm. The great expectoration of blood has reduced his strength very low; but, if God will, he may even yet become strong. His will be done. Yesterday, the preacher A—, who is attached to Möwes with a truly touching fidelity and love, on his knees in the pulpit prayed extempore to the Lord for help and deliverance for the sufferer; and many hearts, glowing with the love and

devotedness to which our Möwes could so well respond, joined in tears. Oh, may He who has been our help till now, help yet again !”

It was in this time of deep affliction that two of his sweetest little poems were written. They were entitled, “Prayer in Distress and Death,” and, “Thanksgiving after the Storm.” In a letter to a friend, he gives a vivid picture of his mental and physical conflicts with the power of the grave. “You want to know what has occurred since you heard from me last. In one respect it is but little, in another it is much. Little, for in my outward condition nothing is decided. Up to the threads which the hand of the Lord will have joined, but which I see not, all remains as it was. Whether I shall be counsellor, or secretary, or revenue officer, comptroller, inspector, or receiver, or anything else, in future, I know not. In another respect, my life has been eventful, for it is only through God’s wonderful and great power that I can write to you to-day, my dear S—, with my own hand. I have been led through a dark valley; I did not expect to see its termination *here* in light, but when He wills, even the dead must rise. In July and August, my strength declined; in September, it was so far exhausted, that I could not mount even a low step without great effort. At last, early in October, came, to say all in one

word, the time of death ; yes, the time of death, to me, who am nevertheless yet one of the living. I have before, at different times of my illness, stood at that gate which opens to the pilgrim the entrance to his home ; but always have I been driven back again into this life. Yet once more have I reached that gate : not gently conducted to it, but cast there by the tempest. It was not a short, passing conflict between life and death, but a whole week, during which death tried all his power on me. He came in a fearful form to my couch, and caused a scene of horrors to pass before the eyes of my beloved friends. He had long before lost the sting which he naturally has, through Him who has given us the victory ; and when his power is at the highest, secure under the banner of Him who rose again on the third day, I smile at all he can do. But this time he attacked me with another sting, to prove my faith and truth ; with wild and fearful sufferings, more intense and prolonged than I had before known. It was only an introduction to the events of the coming week, that after a quiet night, on the sabbath of the harvest thanksgiving, while I was dressing, in order, if possible, to go to church, I felt the still approach of a fearful time—the last solemn hour of existence, as I thought. I feared I should scarcely have time to call my wife, to fall into her arms, and

commend my spirit into the hand of my Father in heaven. She came, and another came; they had before them a dying man, from whom life was retreating, and who could only console them with the words of the Lord, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' But no! contrary to all expectation, he who was weakened to death was raised again, but raised to unimagined conflict. I go over this period with trembling—may you never be placed in a similar scene—but by God's merciful help I have lived through it, and my soul, thereby refined, has, I hope, come out without loss. My spirit wrestled with all her strength to be free from the torturing body, and her prayers pierced through the clouds, even to the throne of God, to obtain permission to depart. I took leave of all: in comparatively calm hours, I arranged my little affairs; I was so happy with my beloved wife on Saturday evening to take the holy sacrament, though, before the hour came, my eyes threatened every moment to close. I, however, lived to see the sabbath, when A—, one of the preachers at the cathedral, from whom I had the evening before received the sacrament, a man full of evangelic faith, and a powerful preacher of the old genuine truth as contained in the Scriptures, made known my situation in public. Many friends, in consequence, assembled round my bed after the service, and they can

bear a joyful testimony to the power of the Prince of life, to the life that He gives, and the strength He imparts. After this period of suffering and labour, after these festive and joyful hours, I became better; God helped me, not as I expected, but as He would; helped me to earthly life, alleviated my pain, and at last removed it; gave me rest, and so far weakened my disease, that after the crisis it became really less, and had more appearance of being ultimately eradicated than it had had for weeks and months previously; so that, if I am not mistaken, a real and visible step towards probable recovery is made. To-day, after eight weeks, four of which were spent in bed, I walk with a much firmer step, the deathly paleness of my countenance has given place to the unfolding colours of life, the rose is returning to my lips, and the old brightness is gradually coming back to my eyes. Also, my dear friend, my prospects have improved; perhaps my spirit was led through this scene, that it might become better acquainted with itself, before available help was to arrive. Certainly, this late time of darkness was a valuable time to me, and I thank God, who allowed it to befall me, that I was not spared it. 'We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God,' Acts xiv. 22. I have now experienced that, though a thorny,

this is a safe path; though one to be trod with trembling, it is a holy and love-appointed path. As a man, who, during the day, descends into a deep pit, sees the friendly stars of heaven, invisible to others; so when God allowed me to fall into the depths of distress and woe, I saw, through the dense darkness around me, the bright star of the Father's eternal mercy in Christ our Saviour shining over me. And this star was my polar star, never setting, but ever growing brighter; and I know where it stands, I cannot lose sight of it; wherever I am, it is over me; wherever I go, it goes before me. And is it not a joy to perceive that we are in any trait becoming like our Master; like Him in self-renunciation or mildness, in love or resignation? So, too, is it a joy, when a cup is reached out to us, with Him to say, 'Father! if it be possible, let this cup pass from me;' and then, receiving strength from Him, again with Him to pray, 'Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt,' Matt. xxvi. 39. Oh, it is a high and holy joy to be with Him even in Gethsemane, to bear with him a crown of thorns, and in such an hour, strengthened by him, to say, 'The disciple is not above his Master.' Can we have such happiness without tribulation? To follow him in bright days, and to sun ourselves in his love and glory, is sweet indeed; but in days of sorrow, to see Him near, to

prove his faithfulness, is a precious addition to the happiness of communion with him; there the bond is drawn yet nearer, there the heart presses yet closer to him, there the soul lays herself down at his feet, with fuller love and trust. To experience a storm on the open sea, when our bark is covered with waves, and we go to Him with the cry, 'Lord, help;' to feel, vividly to feel, that while He is beside us we cannot perish; tossed here and there by the tempest, the stormy sea threatening to overwhelm us, still to keep our faith firm, knowing that he will calm the tempest when his hour is come—oh, this is an invaluable trial and strengthening of faith! Therefore is it said, in the Scriptures, 'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation.' Therefore, I look on the time of distress, not with weak, but with joyful feelings, and I reckon not what I have suffered, but rejoice that I have entered on the field of conflict with the weapons and armour which He has provided, who overcame the world for us. During the same week in which my life was despaired of, my dear wife had a second grief. Mary, our eldest girl, was taken ill, and her death seemed as probable as her recovery. In this case, too, God had ordered otherwise than we feared: our child again plays joyfully round us."

From another letter, dated November 19th,

we take the following extract:—" I look back with joy on the days that have lately passed, not because I have now drunk the bitter cup, and it is no longer before me. I know not but that *He* may please again to appoint it me, and render it still more bitter to flesh and blood. I had not thought that it could *so* come as *He* has already sent it; but as *He* will, his will be done. Nor do I so much rejoice that a time of sorrow lies behind me, as that during it I felt his nearness, and in the midst of the darkest night saw his mercy shine out as the eternal star of the soul. John says, 'This is the love of God, that we keep his commandments; and his commandments are not grievous,' 1 John v. 3. The time of distress, through which he has led me, has taught me that this is the love of God, that we suffer the tribulation he sends patiently; and the tribulation he sends is not grievous; the feeling of it may be oppressive, but the hand which lays it on us is a dear and faithful hand. Is it not true, that such experience is gain, which can make us glad even to rejoicing, strong even to patient waiting? So I look cheerfully behind me, but also before me. So many hearts prayed to God on my behalf, for new life and prolonged existence here, that I shall indeed willingly remain if it be his will; yet has the Lord of mercy and goodness made

the way hence appear easy to me. He has let me discover the unsatisfyingness and the poverty of earthly existence. He has placed me so near the door of another life, that I could almost, as it were, touch it with the point of my finger—all, all lay behind me, and I thought, hoped, longed, each moment to raise my foot, and step over the threshold. In short, He has made me familiar with what others call ‘death,’ familiar with that life with which he renews the pilgrim whom he sets on yonder shore. As a child on the strand plays with the passing waves, till his brother comes from the opposite shore to call him away to the beautiful green meadows that lie there; so I sit joyfully on this side, and cheerfully wait, and quite happily watch, while the boat that shall bear me over comes across. God blesses when he appears to be angry, therefore truly have I cause to rejoice in the time of need and woe. It was life, and life’s rich consciousness, and the return of life’s strength, that in the past I sought from God; and still, in the time of affliction, it is this for which I pray. Life distinct from the life of the soul, life dependent on those material organs which the soul now uses, is what I long for, and sparks of this life begin again to glimmer. The hand which furnishes this fragile lamp with oil is now giving it out again, but slowly and

sparingly. Since the first of the month, I have been able to leave my bed ; and I now sit, or rather lie, during the day, in the room where, a short time ago, I was struggling with death. I am beginning to make rather more rapid progress, and I hope, on the first Sunday in Advent, to solemnize the day in the cathedral, and there, beneath its high arches and fretted dome, to lift up my heart to the eternal temple.

* * * * *

That I have sought to bring men to the consideration of time, and their most solemn interests, the poems which my dear wife has lately sent you are a proof. I can tell you one interesting fact with regard to them : I placed two copies before our king ; he graciously received them, and sent me fifty dollars on behalf of the widows and orphans, who, in consequence of the present scarcity, greatly need assistance. In Magdeburg only a hundred copies have yet been sold ; but yesterday a person who interests himself in the dissemination of Christian sentiments, ordered a thousand copies ; and, to-day, a blind man, who is of the same mind, took five hundred, intending to circulate them, gratuitously or at a low price, partly here, but more particularly at a distance : of course the terms are very moderate. Without these conditions, the sale would entirely cease ; so it is better to

promote, with the slightest remuneration, the object I have in view, than without this help, entirely to fail in it. In this way, I preach to those whom my voice would otherwise never reach. With the money that has come in, or that may come in, I hope, on Christmas day, in many a cottage, by relieving earthly wants, to lighten the sorrowful heart, that it may join in the song, 'To-day is the Saviour born to us.' I heartily thank all who inquire after me through your house, and take so warm an interest in my outward concerns ; say to them, that it is well, very well with me, even when my bodily existence appears critical. My wife's heart is again lighter ; for she has seen him on whom her love hangs, whom she had watched in fearful suffering, and had already given away, as it were, into the other world, come back again to her in this life. Our little Mary is again in good health ; and, instead of the incoherent wanderings of delirium, we hear the overflowings of childlike joy on her recovery."

During the winter, Möwes' health was much better. His suffering was comparatively slight. It was at this period that he employed himself in composing a small work, which was published in 1832, under the title of "Der Pfarrer von Andouse," (The Pastor of Andouse.) While engaged on this work, he writes to a friend in

the following terms:—"Will my undertaking meet with your approbation? I hope so; though I should imagine you would not soon expect to find my name on the title page of a work of fiction. At any rate, you will be reconciled to the affair, when, under the foreign ornamental dress, you find the same spirit which you would look for in anything coming from my pen. Should my work be published, and come into your hands, it will not escape your notice that it aims to give a vivid representation of striking passages in a life originating under the influence of God's Spirit; and that I have not been without intention in placing such a picture in this kind of frame. The canvass on which I worked is the period at which Louis XIV. began to execute the resolution he had taken, of extirpating the Huguenots from his dominions: and the design of the picture is, to exhibit life grounded on the Scriptures, as the true life of men. My idea is developed, by contrasting men without faith with men who, having the true life, overcome the world, distress, and death. The catastrophe is what would be called tragic. I myself trembled and wept in writing it; but, as I have written, so has it ever occurred in the world, and he who sows with tears shall hereafter bring in his sheaves rejoicing. He whose eye is practised to 'see into the life of things,' will discover

under the ashes the self-raising phenix, and recognise in the cloud the car of triumph on which the noble spirit mounts to heaven."

The winter passed away without any very severe returns of indisposition, and the recovery of this excellent man appeared, though slowly, really advancing. On the 25th of February, 1832, he celebrated his birthday. It was truly a festal day to him, and to a large circle of friends, who rejoiced with him and his; while the recollection of the intense suffering of the past year served but to mellow and deepen their joy. In the evening, they met and congratulated him in the usual way. He was deeply touched. "Truly," said he, "I am not neglected or forgotten by Him who has all hearts in his hand; and were any one to attempt to tell the weight of what He lays on me, the tongue of the balance would show that my burden is far outweighed by what he has so tenderly sent." He afterwards wrote, in reply to these congratulations, some beautifully sportive lines, which his biographer has inserted. We regret that the difficulty of presenting these, and many other of his poems to which reference is so frequently made, in an English dress worthy of them, prevents their being laid before the reader.

A day later, he wrote to a friend:—"It is a fine thing to have a birthday. It was once said,

that God has ordered the close of life wisely for us. I would say, too, that its commencement is as beneficently arranged: this I feel when my friends take such kind notice of the anniversary of my entrance into life. On the arrival of a new pilgrim on earth, we find that many a friendly hand has been long before occupied, and sympathising care has provided, not merely for its physical necessities, but has, too, had the needs of its spirit in view. My heart has often been made glad on the anniversary of my birthday, and especially on the last 26th of February could I sing a cheerful song." His reception of a gift offered by affection was indescribably amiable. "Others can *give* as well as he can, but nobody knows how to *receive* like him," said the friend to whom we have more than once before referred.

If the return of spring did not perceptibly improve his health, it by no means weakened it. On the 22nd of June, he writes:—"My health does not retrograde, even though some days of suffering remind me that I cannot be very distant from that point, which, farther or nearer, is ever in my view."

It was at this time that unexpected circumstances obliged him once more to change his residence. He wrote to Altenhausen that, on the 8th of July, he hoped to return to that place,

and to await among his parishioners the conclusion of his life. This was, however, subsequently rendered doubtful, by the prospect of a situation as secretary in the consistory court unexpectedly opening itself. In a very short time, he received information that another was nominated to the office. He had then to renew the resolution, which he had given up, of leaving Magdeburg, and to recommence his preparations for returning to his former abode. On the 24th of July, he and his family removed to Altenhausen, which place he was never again to leave.

Möwes occupied himself at Altenhausen in deep and extensive research, preparatory to commencing a new work which he projected. The title of it was to be, "Magdeburg under the Ban of the Empire, 1552;" but only a few scenes were fully drawn. To this occupation he added theological studies: he took part in a literary and philological association of the neighbouring clergy; he performed, as often as his strength allowed, official duties for his successor, gave lessons to his daughters, composed poems, worked in his garden, refreshed himself in the rays of God's precious sun, and quietly, patiently, and happily awaited his Lord's further pleasure.

Yet were his circumstances far from leaving

him nothing to desire. No day was he free from pain. The hemorrhage still returned after short intervals, and he was frequently exhausted to the last degree. Occasionally, a day came when his weakness could scarcely be perceived, from the joy and peace which beamed in his eye and mien. To show the reader how severe his suffering was, even when at the lightest, we will give some notices bearing the date of this period, which, under the title of *Ad valetudinem meam spectantia*, he wrote daily for the satisfaction of his physician.

“Dec. 16th, strong bleedings; 17th, the same; 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, the same; 24th, 25th, the same; 27th, something less; 28th, but little; 29th, free, but strong, quick, intermittent palpitations at the heart; 30th, 31st, free, but these days very unwell.

“General remarks on this time. Accumulation at the chest; swelling of the feet, disappearing in the morning; stiffness in the joints of the fingers; inflamed and painful state of the suffering organs; strong and quick palpitations on slight movements; constant internal weakness, and muscular relaxation, but which do not impede activity; occasional entire loss of appetite, and aversion to many kinds of meat, and other food; frequent hemorrhage and loss of blood; dull headaches.”

So closed the year 1832, and so dawned its successor on this child of suffering. Were this life all, we should wonder why such things were; but it is not, and all is plain. Were there no higher region which is ultimately to be its own sphere, the nest of the young eagle would not be stirred up.

CHAPTER V.

Joy ! for the stormy sea is crossed,
The trial hour is past,
The earnest faith is proved and sealed,
The links of love are fast.

E.

WE shall now faithfully adhere to the German narrative, which the reader will recollect was written by one of Möwes' most intimate friends, one who was constantly in his society during the last two years of his life, and who had, at the period of his former residence at Altenhausen, been long an inmate of the parsonage.

The first months of the year 1833 presented a repetition of the scenes of the past autumn. In the night of the 21st and 22nd of April, a paroxysm of severe suffering came on. With trembling hearts we stood round his bed; for several hours he endured a piercing, burning pain about the heart, which rendered

breathing almost impossible, and threatened every moment to suffocate him. As soon as the pain had in a slight degree subsided, he wrote, supported by us, directions that were necessary to be attended to in the event of his death; for he expected the spasm would return, and in it his life terminate. He took leave of us, and prepared himself to obey the will of his Lord. The danger, however, passed away, only leaving a degree of irritation in the side. Indeed, his health subsequently rallied in a surprising manner, and continued to improve during the whole summer. His eye grew bright with its old lustre; his movements were quick and elastic. The whole tone of his system seemed raised; he took long walks; and often, when he joined the social circle, we forgot that the quick, ardent man, who was rejoicing in existence before us, was an invalid.

After passing through so many scenes of suffering and fear, so many hours of anxious care, we began to exult in hope. This hope was so natural, so human. Had he not already been so long and so heavily tried? Was not Möwes then in the prime of his years? Was not his life so necessary, according to our view, to his wife and children? Might he not, even yet, perform many and great things for the kingdom of God and the spiritual good of men? And if

his sorrows were sent to try and purify him, had they not, as it appeared to imperfect man, entirely fulfilled their object? Möwes alone did not fully participate in these hopes; yet he acknowledged the advances which his health was making. He wrote, on June 21st, "My health is in many respects better than it has been, until the last two months. On one point my recovery has taken an undoubted turn. My sufferings are considerably relieved, and my strength has increased, but—health is still for me a point in the distance, and my prayer must still be, in this respect, the seventh petition, 'Deliver us from evil.'"

On the 29th of July, he writes more in detail. "As I have often said, Could I only be with you just now! I have time enough for it certainly, and I am constantly in a state to have time, in a state in which I can only look on, and see another labour in that vineyard in which I once laboured. You know so far, from my former letter. In the grand matter nothing is altered. That I am again in Altenhausen, with my wife and my two girls, instead of spending my time, as I did the preceding year, at Magdeburg, makes no essential difference. How this change of residence was brought about, I cannot now detail; I can only say that circumstances, not agreeable, and fully unex-

pected, have made this alteration expedient, indeed necessary. Truly, if I had completely recovered in Magdeburg, and found myself strong enough to enter on my old duties, it would have been a change, a joyful change—but no, it is not so; I am here, but I have no part in my office. A— fills it as before. I have only this problem given me—to see behind me, with a still heart, the double blessing of inestimable health and a precious office taken from me by the hand of God, and ever to train myself to bear the loss of both blessings tranquilly; to go with hearty submission in that path where my God is with me; and to see another happy in the blessings which once were mine, without envying him, or complaining that I am of little consideration; in this state you saw me when you were with me, and in this state I am to-day. I can believe that you sigh when you read this; but I do not sigh. Yet I would not convey to you a high idea of my fortitude; I would only anew bear witness how much I owe my God, who has become my strength, and who, heartfelt thanks to his name, will continue to be so. What could I do but sigh and complain, if I had no support but from within? To be sick, not for weeks and months, but for years, without a sign in heaven that after the night a bright and refreshing morning

will arise ; to walk in fetters heavy in themselves, and yet heavier from no probability being seen of ever shaking them off : and, what is more than all, to retire from a career in which I had gladly run towards a glorious end, and to see others still joyfully running therein, like a crane whose broken wing prevents her cleaving the air, while her companions with firm pinion hold on their course. My friend, is it not true, that it would be pardonable in a weak man, if tears, scarcely dried, flow forth again ? Oh yes, I measure the greatness of the trial I endure ; but I now understand His word, ‘ My grace is sufficient for thee : for my strength is made perfect in weakness,’ 2 Cor. xii. 9. Still further, I see that I can glorify Him who gives peace and brings adversity, as much by my patience, and by a heart which gives itself up to Him, as I could have done, in full health, in the widest sphere of activity, by undertaking all my enterprises in his name : and He enables me thus to glorify him. I am, in my hour of need, a living witness of the gifts which come down from above, from his hand, to them who believe on Him from the heart. Now, upheld by Him, endowed with his gifts, where flesh and blood would mourn and tremble, I can look serenely up to heaven, and, in the midst of my weakness, rejoice in his strength. But still I am allowed

to pray with earnestness that he would release me from suffering; and you will not think it strange if, while bearing the burden laid upon me, my hands are often folded, and my eyes 'look up to the hills from whence cometh my help,' and my lips open in the heartfelt prayer, which pierces even to the clouds, 'My God, help me!' With such a prayer, a more than earthly strength comes into the soul, it comes to us from heaven; we grow strong, and increase in vigour; the prayer ascends to the throne of the Saviour, and draws down blessings on him who sends it; it reaches the fatherly ear of God, and the heart of our Redeemer, and peace and consolation flow into the united heart, with the experience of the truth, 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted,' Matt. v. 4. During these hours of darkness, I have become somewhat familiar with the way, leading the soul banished to this prison of earthly existence, out of darkness to light, which is indicated by these words, 'Pray without ceasing,' 1 Thess. v. 17. This path was not unknown or untrodden before; now I know it better, I oftener enter it, and I walk in it with a firmer step; and while my body is fettered to earth, so that I cannot ascend far, a way is opened to me which leads beyond the clouds, to the heavenly inheritance, and I follow as on the

wing of the eagle. I reckon my loss my richest gain, and therefore, my dear friend, I forget to sigh. One request I have to make; when you, dearest S—, are advancing on this path, think, as your end comes in sight, of your friend, and go to your God for help for him who is writing these lines. I want much, and— He can give all things. I can tell you nothing very cheering that has occurred since I wrote to you last. My body has had, in its depressed circumstances, to labour through many painful, agonizing, and wearying hours; with God's help it has lived through them. In May, a decided improvement took place, which continues; but still the enemy is not hunted down and vanquished: yet I hope God will make a path."

And it appeared as though He were about to make an open path, and, after so many and such varied trials, to say to his servant, "It is enough." Week after week his health made perceptible advances; he had not known a time of equal ease since the commencement of his illness. What had been formerly beyond his strength, he could now accomplish: he preached on three successive Sundays, without feeling any ill effect. Experiments like these, with results so satisfactory, made it appear probable to him that he might again enter on his chosen career, and once more bear that pastoral staff,

which in his time of weakness had fallen from his hand. An indescribable happiness came over his spirit. The autumn found him yet more vigorous, and he took actual steps in order to re-enter on his clerical office. Such a joyful end of his sufferings was contrary to the expectation of all his friends, and to his own. Oh, how light and joyful were our hearts during this winter! On Christmas day he ventured to do what he so long had not dared to attempt—to celebrate in public the descending Saviour. After the festival, a new cause of rejoicing awaited him; his dear friend and patron, the Count of Altenhausen, unexpectedly entered the apartment, and with intense delight announced to him the determination of his majesty's cabinet, that he should shortly be reinstated in the clerical office. The living of Weferlingen was at this time vacant, and Möwes immediately made application for it. We will leave him to speak for himself. On January 15th, 1834, he thus writes to a friend:—

“Your friends at Altenhausen, and especially your present correspondent and his dear wife, have rejoiced in the intelligence of your safe arrival at B—, in the confidence that, in the mean time, nothing has occurred to disturb or trouble the happiness of your house, and that within your four walls life moves on in its wonted

peaceful and joyful manner. My recovery has, I think, advanced during the past months; at least, I was better in November and December than I had been for twelve months, and the prospect of spring raises my spirits. What will not the next spring do for me, finding me so much better than his predecessor did? You know, my friend, how I stood between life and death; but now I have the expectation of continuing here for a time. I eagerly stretch my hand out towards the messenger of health, that vital heat and strength may be communicated from his glowing life into my feeble pulse. I cast a glance over the five shadowy years behind me, and I weep a little while, and then go forward on my career with a firm step, taking hold of the plough in God's vineyard, and guiding it with a powerful arm. I should forget how dear I am to you, did I not, in imagination, see your heart beat at these words, and hear the low sound of your prayerful congratulation, 'My God, help him.' Though my expectations are not so confident, that the appearance of the contrary would surprise me as a strange thing, yet I do hope that He whose discipline I have not resisted, whose hand, even when it was laid heavily upon me, I acknowledged with bended knee and thankful lips, I do hope that he has now thought on me, and send-

ing his messenger of life, the new spring, has placed in his hand a magic staff, whose touch shall animate me, and bring the conflict within to a truce that may end in a confirmed peace. At present, as you will see by the date of this letter, I am not in Altenhausen; I was obliged to come here in spite of way and weather; a prospect for my earthly future seemed opening, in consequence of which I left home. There are many things to be done at a distance, and I can place my lever at most advantage here. Application is being made for me for a parish which has become vacant, about two miles from Altenhausen. It is a very good living. I have presented my petition; in a modest, but firm and connected manner, enumerated my qualifications; and then placed the paper before the chief personage who has the disposal of patronage: and now, supported by strong interest, I await his determination. It is nearly a fortnight since our dear count received an answer to my first application from his majesty's cabinet; it was to this effect, that, on his petition, the pastor Möwes is recommended for an appointment to a cure, to be exclusively his own. That is itself something, and it may conduce to further good. I have taken steps, through the medium of * * * *, to obtain the vacant living I have mentioned. I shall soon see how all this will

work, and you shall immediately be informed. If the result be not the desired end, it will conduce to it. My dear, precious wife hopes, as I do, joyfully and submissively."

With such a prospect of returning health, and of the recommencement of his public duties, Möwes entered on the year 1834. Everything seemed to indicate that this year would make the determination of God, with regard to the future path of his servant, plain, and show what he had appointed for him and his family, after leading them for these five years, as it were, in the dark. His hope of obtaining the living of Weferlingen was disappointed; it was given, by order of the cabinet, to the military chaplain Z—, at Berlin. Möwes now turned his eye towards that place. In answer to the application he made for the situation of military chaplain, he was informed, that he should be appointed either to that office, or to some other that would soon become vacant. We now scarcely doubted of the happy termination of his applications. The chaplaincy at Berlin was exactly adapted to his strength and ability. In imagination, we saw him labouring there, in his accustomed happy manner. We thought nothing could be more natural than such a close, after years of waiting in quiet faith. He was perfectly free from anxiety as to what was about to be ap-

pointed him. On the 5th of April, he writes :—
“It is possible I may be placed at Berlin. I was ready to go to Weferlingen, and now I am ready to follow the call to B. I waited for the determination of government, with regard to the former place, without disquietude ; I await with the same tranquillity the decision respecting this appointment. The unfavourable result of my former application has not moved me, and, should it again turn out different from what so many hope, it will not trouble my spirit. ‘Hope thou in God : for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God,’ Psa. xlii. 11. My greatest, most solemn, and holiest interests are well cared for by him ; therefore I can tranquilly refer the lesser ones of this earthly life to him.”

A paper written about this time, for a second prose work which he contemplated, will show how he bore what would be to most men a state of intensely anxious expectation.

“A glance onward meets only clouds, which shut out all view of the future, and my heart trembles as on the undulating wave. Are new, and, perhaps, increased sufferings coming ? or will tranquil days bring recovery ? Will the shattered tent fall in ? or will it remain standing ? or will it be rendered yet stronger, and that through unwonted supports ? Ah ! so would

the struggling heart have it. Will healing come to me here or above? Oh, it is not for me to determine, even by a wish, the remoteness or nearness of the end of my sufferings, nor whether that end is to be here or on high. Such a state of things, formerly, when God was not my strength, would have been unbearable; and even now it is not in itself agreeable: but it must come, and come again and again, till it is no longer necessary, till we have learned to wait quietly in full faith. All other things we are more willing to learn; to act, to renounce self, to sacrifice, to lose—all these are easier than to wait. In these exercises of our being, we are ever something ourselves; we still feel our own strength, seeing that demands are made on it, that it is yet in action; and all this cannot be without a certain satisfaction, a certain self-content, and a pride and vanity—refined vanity, and sublime pride, if you will—but still vanity and pride. But in this lesson the *I* is entirely set aside, no account is made of it, no kind of activity is demanded from it, by which it can feel itself flattered. All we have to do is, to be contented to feel, with a full resignation of our *I*, its spirit and its efforts, ourselves absolutely dependent. This silent inaction, this humble greatness, which men naturally regard as thralldom, and the character-

istic of a weak and slavish spirit, becomes easy to him who allows himself to be led by his Father's hand. He can bear it, and be contented under it, as a child who joyfully pursues his little day's work or play, till the hour comes when his father takes him by the hand, and leads him with him into the garden or field. He becomes stronger than Samson, who burst asunder his bands as tow; stronger than the man who breaks down the walls, and overthrows the ramparts of a fortress, as a worm-eaten partition."

Alas! it occurred far otherwise than our sanguine hopes had pictured. All that Möwes had already experienced, was no assurance against new trials. In the spring of 1834, while we were waiting, in perhaps too confident expectation, for his appointment to one of the situations to which we have referred, his health suddenly failed. A very severe attack came on, in which all his former suffering seemed to return in a much higher degree. The physical and mental anguish he endured was most distressing to his friends. When we cast a glance full of grief on him, he would repeat from Luther's translation the promise, "Out of six troubles I have saved thee, and in the seventh shall no evil befall thee;" adding, "He has said it to me, who is the TRUTH, six great troubles

have passed over me, this is the last, then comes life." His own words may show the reader the abyss of suffering into which he was this summer plunged. June 24th, he writes:—"I have gained new experience, under a storm which came on unexpectedly April 31st. I will not write you the details; perhaps we may once more meet, then I can give you them. Oh that my God would grant that his word may be verified! 'Out of six troubles I have saved thee, and in the seventh shall no evil befall thee.' Shattered as my body is, my soul is powerfully made firm. This is my sixth climacterical year; it may be the last advance for me before my entrance into the higher world, (it will certainly be decisive,) or it may assert its wonderful character, and bring me new health and re-admission into my sacred office; in either case, it will be a climacterical year."*

On July 11th, he writes to a friend:—"Only pray with me, that God, if he determines to let me continue longer here, may at last find me worthy to be released from the fiery ordeal which I have undergone so long, and which

* The term "climacterical year" refers to the division of man's life into periods of seven years, at the close of each of which periods a radical change is supposed to have taken place in the constitution. Möwes had now entered on his forty-second year.

during these last months has glowed with such intensity. I pray, pray constantly; I have done so for years; morning and evening, and often during the day, I turn my eyes, filled with burning tears, to heaven; but the chain that irritates my wounds, and bows me down, falls not off. But I cease not to pray, and my last breath shall offer the prayer, 'Deliver me from evil.' Pray then with me. You will conclude, from what has been accidentally written, how it is with my health. It has been better for a fortnight; I have risen from the depth into which my God had allowed me to sink, to show Satan and his legion whether, in extreme and long-continued need, I would leave my Rock, and throw away my confidence, and, after advancing some steps towards heaven, fall again into despair. You know I have been led through many a dark valley, but the last was horrible as none before had been. To others, there has often seemed something great in meeting the face of death in full consciousness, in speaking of it with tranquillity, and in greeting it with a serene countenance. Ah! this is easy for him who stands in the faith of the Son of God. A much more difficult problem, a much stronger trial, dearest A—, has just been mine. I can only say thus much in writing. In the dark valley through which I had then to pass,

death was the radiating point of light; in my readiness to give my hand to this messenger in God's name from the other world, to follow him was something little, less than little. It is possible that my God, after I have tasted the dregs of such a cup, may mercifully remit it for the future. I have endured, and under the bitterest agony my soul has not taken her eye off Him who presented the cup to her:—but I shudder to look back.”

Yet thou, dear patient one, thou must go yet deeper into this fearful suffering; yet must these words be wrung from thee, as from Him on the cross, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?” One more extract from his correspondence, and it closes.

“August 12th. The world considers death a mournful spectacle. Oh! how much more mournful are the servants whom he sends to sift the body, and through it the soul, as wheat: those slow diseases which, as the consuming spot on the once sound apple, eat into our frame, fix there, and undermine the constitution, while we are unable to tell how long the malady has prevailed, or to what extent it has gone.”

A beautiful lyric, entitled, “Aufblick aus der Feuerprobe,”* (A Glance out of the Fiery

* See Addenda.

Trial,) was composed at this time. The reader is begged to turn to it before proceeding with the narrative. It has one additional point of interest, as being, with the exception of a few lines on the sabbath bells, his last effort.

For an account of his closing days, and his death, we shall transcribe a letter addressed, a few days subsequently, to a friend at a distance.

“ We entered on the spring with hope. Möwes thought that the use of the mineral waters which he was then drinking would complete his recovery. But what bitter deception was this, to us at least! To him, nothing was a surprise. Before the close of April, the hemorrhage returned, to a greater extent than ever before. It continued, with very little intermission, for a whole week. Then my view of the future became sad, and my heart depressed, while I thought on him, on his poor wife, on myself. The agonizing thought arose in my mind, that it was, perhaps, on account of my sins that our intercourse, during which I had often murmured against the chastening hand that was laid upon my friend, was broken off; the thought drove me to prayer, and I prayed earnestly that the worst might not happen. Möwes recovered again to a certain degree, and was strong enough, in August, to undertake the journey to Magdeburg; and on the parish of

Bahrendorf becoming vacant, he made application for it. His strength increased rapidly during his stay in Magdeburg; so much so, that all his friends said they had never seen him so well. Oh how suddenly all was changed! In the second week of his stay, the bleeding at his lungs returned with new symptoms, and he wrote in serious alarm for his beloved wife. Dear as she had ever been, he seemed to press her closer to his heart, as the time of their separation approached; indeed, he felt it quite a privation to lose sight of her for an hour. She went in haste to him: the moment he saw her, quick tears of joy ran down his pale cheeks, his eyes sparkled, and he could only say, 'Now I shall never again be separated from you, my dear wife; never till death.' They returned directly to Altenhausen. On his descending from the carriage, I found him so much changed, that I was fearfully alarmed. But he had so often suffered, and to so great a degree, that we did not think of the worst. We lived through every day in a state of the most anxious expectation, hoping this disturbance of the physical system might be calmed; but ever were we deceived. The strong man held himself upright in spite of his exhaustion; and, under all, he alone awaited the result with full tranquillity. A friend from Ivenrode saying, 'I will pray to

God till he is better,' he immediately replied, 'We will not pray for that; we will rejoice that at all times, it is *His* will that happens, whether I recover or die.' He would often remark, '*Dying* is hard work, but *DEATH* is delightful.' Oh what hours we then lived through, and yet they were only the beginning of what was coming upon us. His illness increased to that degree, that, during the time of the bleeding, we frequently listened with intense anxiety for his breathing, in the fear that life itself had departed.

"In all his sorrow and suffering, he held his beloved and deeply-trying wife in full remembrance. One day, when we were sitting in a state of fearful anticipation, he, enfeebled almost to death as he was, rose, and walked towards her; his strength was not equal to the effort, and he sank powerless on the floor. He was so completely helpless, that we could not move him back into his room; it seemed impossible to raise him; we had a bed brought and placed on the ground, and we laid him on it. What a spectacle, to see a man once so powerful lie thus, and to hear the sorrowful tones of that heart which at other times never complained! After the lapse of an hour and a half, we were able to take him into his room. This faintness frequently returned, once in the middle of the night.

He did not afterwards leave his room, and his disease very perceptibly gained ground. Yet did the strong principle of life ever struggle with approaching death, and his was mighty in the midst of the conflict. We stood round the sufferer; his words and looks breathed of life, but promised it not, at least not earthly life; but eternal life was there, and therefore we sometimes forgot the passing and earthly, and thought that all might yet be well. He rejoiced in dying, for to him it was the same as living. A week before his death, when he had received the holy sacrament, and was, as he thought, at the point of death, he said, 'I shall soon stand before the throne of God: my soul might tremble when she looks back on a life, in which so little has been accomplished, which I ought and wished to have done; and with deep repentance I feel how far I am below the high aim which was placed before me: but yet I tremble not; but I die peacefully, joyfully, for my Lord and Saviour will answer for me in judgment; and if my weakness will allow, I shall pass hence with songs of triumph.' A day before his departure, the intelligence reached him of the death of a sister of his wife, on whom cross after cross was laid. As he watched her tears, he said, 'Let us not weep, but rather rejoice that she has overcome.' He had, even at this

period, some hours of weakness to pass through, which were, as indeed everything about him appeared to be, peculiar. Not that he capriciously desired to remain here; such a wish he never strongly indulged: not that he feared death; he greeted the hour of his approach with joy: his distress was of another kind; a fearfulness and trembling, different from anything I had ever known; conflict with the spirit of evil, who yet once more, and for the last time, tried his power and art on this faithful one. At the period of his bitterest suffering, he seemed to approach his bed, and say, 'See, that is the mercy of Him, on whom thou hast so firmly relied;' and we then heard from the lips of our friend, the victorious word with which he repulsed the enemy. My spirit trembles, and yet rejoices, when I look back on this time. Full well I know that this account will deeply impress you. To me it was sometimes very striking to observe, that, almost agonized as he was, he was never overwhelmed; absolute distress of spirit he never appeared to have; never did I see his tranquillity or peace fail; and this was because, strong as his suffering and conflict might be, he was yet stronger.

“On the second Saturday evening before his death, (he died on Tuesday, October 14th, 1834,) we found him better: during the last

few days he had spoken but little ; now again words full of life and spirit flowed from his lips. Our hearts rejoiced. I laboured the next day in my church till noon, when my tranquillity was suddenly disturbed by the intelligence that he was much worse, and that he thought himself dying. I went immediately to him : he begged me to administer the sacrament. I need not describe this scene to you ; you celebrated it once with him at Magdeburg, as he stood on the threshold of the future life. He would have the teacher of one of the schools and some of the children come, and when he had sung with them the hymn, ' Christ is my life,' I spoke a few words, but with what a heart ! and then called on him for the confession prayer for himself and his dear wife, who stood trembling beside his bed. Oh, how he then prayed ! What a humble acknowledgment of weakness and guilt, what confidence in the abounding mercy of our God and Saviour ! What affecting yet firm joyfulness in the references he made to his dear, precious children, who, with folded hands and tearful eyes, looked on their beloved father ! What intercession for us all, for our spirits and their salvation ! and how he then yielded all—wife, children, life and body, heart and soul—into His hand ; and, as though all now lay well protected there, he concluded rejoicing, as he

had begun weeping over his weakness. Then he received, as a dying man, the supper of the Lord's death. I, and all with me, had grown strong under his prayer; it seemed to our spirits that death was no longer death; a feeling of life pervaded us all. During the heavenly service, and after it, his eye sparkled with light, a sweet smile was on his lips, he looked already like a glorious spirit; as if his soul had been then free from the body it had so long borne, he delivered his last sermon on Christ to the little auditory, who, with many tears, but no agony, only an unutterable sadness, stood round him. He was then silent and exhausted; we still remained beside him. But his God came not for him; he had yet days and nights to wait. Yet more; it was, I think, on the Monday following, that official information was received, that his majesty was pleased to direct that Henry Möwes should either be nominated successor to the military chaplain Z—, as superintendent at Weferlingen; or, if he preferred it, he should be appointed to the living at Bahrendorf. Why this now? I think the intention of the Lord was, yet once more to try his servant, and prove whether earth, presenting such a prospect before him, could not draw off his eye from heaven. Oh how entirely different would not the lives of his wife and children become, if he

might again enter his office! I imparted the intelligence to him; he received it with perfect tranquillity, only replying, "Nach Bahrendorf also, oder auf die Bahre," (To Bahrendorf then, or on the bier.) During these last days, he refreshed himself particularly with the first Epistle of Peter, and Theremin's Evening Hours, which we placed before him. With that restlessness which so frequently marks the dying, our friend liked to be moved from place to place; sometimes, when we so moved or raised him, it occasioned great pain, and he would beg us to stand back, adding, 'Children, it is truly ill with me now; but soon I believe it will be right well with me.' Such, or similar expressions, always rich in spirit, brought tears into our eyes; it is natural to weep when we see a fellow man so strong under all weakness. In our house, even in our hearts, all was now still; each one felt that a solemn hour was approaching, which was not to be disturbed by himself or others. Möwes spoke but seldom. Monday the 13th came. Renewed bleedings marked even this day; the dear sufferer sighed in heart-rending tones, 'My much-loved Lord, come! wilt thou not come?' and then, in a weaker voice, 'My God, let it be the last time!' And he who cried was heard. The evening came. Madame Möwes and I were to watch by him the

first half of the night, and our faithful servant the second part. We did not expect he would leave us that night. After nine o'clock, he spoke much to himself, but we could not follow his thoughts; he afterwards became more quiet. He lay in the large room, with his back towards the first window. I was exhausted, and retired into the anteroom to rest; if possible, to sleep a little. About eleven o'clock, Madame Möwes came in, and said—oh, with what a voice!—‘Ah, he is dying!’ I went to his couch; there he lay, with failing eyes and closed lips, stiff, pale, and dying; his spirit struggling with death. His hands sought ours for the last greeting; he held us fast, his dear wife on one side, me on the other. Then I called the children, the dear, young, tender children, and the faithful Dorothy. No cry of sorrow was heard; nothing disturbed our tranquillity; our God was among us, and sustained us all. We sang the hymn he so loved, ‘Christ is my life.’ You remember it was his own wish, expressed in his ‘Parting Words,’ that we should do so. His wife then read the beautiful hymn, commencing, ‘There is a peace at hand.’ I offered the prayer for the dying, ‘Protect us, O faithful God, our Father so rich in love,’ etc. Though his words could no longer express it, his whole appearance indicated joy. The solemn moment of departure

ever came nearer and nearer, yet he remained with us. Hour after hour passed away; we trembled at the sight of the struggle; his dear wife and I threw ourselves beside his couch, and prayed earnestly for his deliverance. At last the spirit was released—the noble spirit. I asked him, ‘Dear Möwes, is your Saviour and God still your rod and staff in the valley of the shadow of death?’ He turned his dying head towards me, and lightly pressed my hand in assent; I then pronounced the benediction over him, and he bowed his head, and his spirit departed to her much-loved Lord, and found her long-sought home. By me stood a widow and two orphans. Adalbert was not present, poor child! At this moment, our dear countess entered the room; it was half-past four o’clock; she took the dear dead hand, and a stream of still tears fell over it. We sang the resurrection hymn, ‘The life of Christ consoles me.’ We stood silent by each other for an hour; the solemnity of his death held our hearts; then the deep, deathlike sorrow of the poor widow broke the silence; the feelings of nature would have their right, and who would not honour such sorrow? We could only weep silently with her.

“Why should I describe the days which followed till the funeral? you can imagine

them. Our dear friend was greater than her grief; she soon subdued it, and at times her faith was even triumphant. Frequently, each day, we visited the earthly remains of our loved friend, and read beside them appropriate passages of the Holy Scriptures, or hymns which he had particularly loved. A holy task was it for us, a Joseph's and a Nicodemus' task, to prepare the body for its place of rest, and to lay it in its last peaceful dwelling. Then came the day of burial, Friday. Besides the family of the count, and all the neighbouring clergy, many friends, from far and near, were present. We sang a hymn suited to the occasion in the house; then we bore his remains out: all was arranged as he had directed in one of his hymns. At the grave, each one spoke as inspired by his love and veneration for him who was gone home. Madame Möwes accompanied the remains of the beloved man on their last removal; neither the storm and rain, nor her delicate health, could prevent her from doing so. 'He has endured so much more,' said she. We came back; I read one of his hymns, and gave an account of his beautiful death; then all departed, bearing with sorrowful love his image in their hearts. God grant that our end may be like that of this righteous one!"

Möwes' earthly remains rest among his

parishioners, and await that day, when the corruptible shall put on incorruption. His grave is inclosed with green turf, and adorned with flowers, which the hand of love tends ; a simple stone covers it, bearing as an inscription his own lines :—

“ Living and dying, he pointed his flock to Christ ;
Therefore were both life and death welcome.”

We have now traced the wanderer home, and with the eye of faith we have seen him sit down in those mansions which will eventually be our own abode, provided his faith be ours, and we feel that the path of sorrow need not be a cheerless path. We have looked at the long night of the dwellers beneath the polar skies, and have thought theirs must be a dismal existence, forgetting that the aurora lights up their months of darkness with a brilliance unknown to our shorter night ; but now we have been taught differently, we have grown familiar with sorrow and death, and they are no longer objects of dread. We have learned to look at sorrow as the cloud spread by a Father's hand to temper the glare of prosperity ; it may have been a disappointment when the distant prospect was

obscured by the shade, but it was love that cast the shadow, lest the overstrained eye, so fondly dwelling on the beautiful without, should lose its susceptibility to nearer objects, its power of looking within. And death has come before us as the last token of our Father's love that we shall receive on earth; we have felt his hand leading us through every step of our progress, and we have rejoiced to be under its guidance; death is but that same hand opening the gate of our home. It has long since lost its character of chance or destiny. In the true life and immortality brought to light by the gospel, and faintly pictured in the foregoing pages, as brought into contact with the human spirit, we see it is the same hand which spins, that cuts the thread of life; ours is a "covenant ordered in all things, and sure." He who can so pre-eminently bring good out of evil, though he remits not the penalty of sin, remits its bitterness; *that* He endured for us, who once tasted death for every man.

The character of Henry Möwes has been for the most part brought out in the progress of the narrative: his deep spirituality and entire consecration cannot fail to be noticed; his life furnishes another proof that it is not by compromise with the world, but by the high and consistent

acting out of those principles contrary to its own, that it is to be won over to "the acknowledging of the truth." Möwes was *in earnest* when he laboured for the salvation of his fellow men; they saw that he was, and their respect and affection followed of course. The testimony of the physician under whose care he was at Berlin, and who was also for some time his kind host, is to the point, as showing how the earnestness of his character told on men of the world. Writing to the lady who had persuaded Möwes to become his patient, he says, "I now, indeed, know your pastor: if all preachers were like him, it would indeed be worth while to learn of them. But most of them are different, and think of *themselves* when they speak of *God*; but *he* thinks of *God* alone."

Möwes' more strictly literary character will admit of much higher relief than has been given it in the foregoing pages. His course as a writer did not commence till a very few years before his death; yet, during that short career, he has won to himself a distinguished place among the religious poets of his country, rich as it is in Christian lyrics. His poems are distinguished by exquisite tenderness, partly, perhaps, attributable to the circumstances under which they were written; they are the music which sorrow ever calls forth from the gifted spirit

on which it falls. He never set himself to write, for the mere sake of versifying; with him, poetry was what it ought to be, life: each poem in his collection is a fact, from which his life's history might be drawn. It was not he who chose the subjects; they were given to him by the sovereign hand that dispensed to him good and evil. In reading them, we feel no perplexing distinction between the man and the author: they were one, or rather it might be said, the personal experience of the one went far beyond the expression given to it by the other. The "full, rich, fervent strain" yet left the deepest feelings unsung. It must often be seen, on reading the poems, that powerful thoughts and exuberant feelings wrestled with the restraints of language, and could not always master them. Yet, throughout, the deep, powerful, impassioned, and highly christianised mind of their author beautifully shines; and it is far more than pleasure that the reader finds in going over these traces of the now safe-landed pilgrim; his own pace heavenward is quickened.

Beautiful and rich as their imagery is, and musical as they must be, even to an ear unpractised in the language in which they were written, these poems are perhaps more distinguished by their condensed simplicity than by any other quality of style. There is a freshness

about them, which reminds us of the confiding joyfulness of a child: one on which we have accidentally opened is a happy illustration of this. It is a poem of five stanzas, written after the death of Charles Blume, on the anniversary of his birth.* The thought bares itself to the eye at once; it is full of consolation, and true to its subject. Indeed, it is the subject, and his art of throwing himself so completely into it, that renders the poems so generally attractive. With but few exceptions, grief is the key-note from which the strain rises; and

“ to one who ever felt the sting
Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing ;”

it invests them not only with a tenderer, but a holier character; *mirthful notes* have often fallen discordant on the ear of *sadness*, but we question if the *voice of grief* were ever felt so totally an intruder on the *happy*; (never, certainly, if that happy one were a Christian.) We *must* own our brotherhood with the sufferer. We feel, in re-opening the volume, we are entering on holy ground. But, withal, the poems are essentially human, and this it is that brings them home to our hearts. It is a fellow man, whom we see in the temple of sorrow offering up the sacrifice of

* The German reader will find it in the *Addenda*.

praise to the Eternal, whose will it is, that his children should be purified through sufferings. We almost feel that thus we should have felt, thus we should have said, had our "soul been in his soul's stead."

We cannot forbear giving the remarks which Möwes' French biographer makes on one of the poems. "I have not read, in any language, anything comparable, for the truth and depth of poetic religious feeling, to some verses poured forth from the depth of his heart after the events I have described," (his resignation of the pastoral office, and removal from Altenhausen.) " 'Frage an den Herrn,' is the title of the piece. It would be impossible better to describe the feelings of the heart, or to express the most delicate emotions in more touching poetic language. At a time of deep grief and heart-rending recollections, he is full of Christian resignation, and unmixed submission to the will of the Saviour. Every Christian who has suffered will recognise his own experience in these stanzas, and will weep with their author. Göthe, who lamented, at the close of his long and brilliant career, that he could not find in his many poetical works a single piece that might take its place among the hymns of the Lutheran church, Göthe would have found consolation, and a glory more precious than his own, if he could

have said, 'I have written the Frage an den Herrn.'" It would be idle to enumerate the poems most worthy of notice, yet we must point out "Des Blinden Fragen," (The Blind Man's Questions,) as taking its place among the most touching and beautiful lyrics of modern poetry. His prose work, "Der Pfarrer von Andouse," (The Pastor of Andouse,) is already before the English public. It met with very great success in Germany, and has been translated into more than one European language.

But Möwes should not be judged of by the few writings he has left behind; those who knew him best, say that they fall far short of the characteristic greatness of his mind. It was in his preaching that his talent came out the most fully; of that we have no remains, save, indeed, in its effects; his record, in this respect, is not here, but on high. Nor do his writings exhibit that universality of talent which is so frequently the dower of genius, and which was remarkably conspicuous in his mind. Consecrated to a high and holy office, he felt that the whole power of his finely furnished mind was to be brought to bear on its solemn duties: he had no leisure to look on the things of the world; his calling was to point the deathless spirits of his fellow men to the light of their eternal home: he might not loiter to point out to them the beauties of

earth ; while he trifled, they might perish ; and there are words of warning, which speak of requiring the blood of the flock at the hand of the shepherd. And when compelled by feebleness to retire from the public discharge of his office, he still considered its vows were upon him, and still devoted his energies to the same sacred end. From this cause, principally, it is, that we have so few compositions on general subjects ; yet his national songs, “ The Blind Man’s Questions,” and several other poems that could be named, are sufficient to show that he knew how skilfully to touch the human spirit with the beautiful and the worthy of our external existence.

To us, one of the most attractive points of Möwes’ character is the union of heartfelt, influential Christianity, with talent, refinement, and the true spirit of poetry. In many refined minds there has existed the notion, that coarseness, or imbecility, is necessarily associated with religion—with that humble religion known in the world by the names, evangelicalism, methodism, or other epithets, signifying, “ I do not comprehend, therefore I do not like you.” Of the possible or actual association, we have, we believe, a satisfactory explanation ; but that there is a necessary connexion between such a faith and mental deformity and weakness, the single instance before us, were there no other, would

be sufficient to disprove. A backward glance, however, over our own scroll of imperishable names, will show that genius and the religion of the poor have often lit up the same spirit, and consecrated the same shrine. The loftiest of spirits have bowed to the faith of the lowliest and the most scorned; and can it be said that the profession of that religion, which minds the most elevated have "beheld with awful adoration,"* is the indication of an imbecile and poverty-stricken understanding? That piety and a very moderate share of mental power may frequently be found together, is not surprising: take any number of men promiscuously, proselyte them to whatever you please, and what will be their general mental character? Refer to any school embracing all classes of the community. Christianity does not go through the earth selecting alone the lofty and refined; and humanity exults in the thought that it does not. But as well might the light of day be accused of an affinity with darkness, because it more frequently penetrates the cellar and the court than the mansion, as Christianity be suspected of having a nature in common with narrow-mindedness or ill taste, because its glory has penetrated through such a medium to the immortal spirit within.

* Hall's Review of Foster's Essays. Works, vol. iv. p. 28.

But, in fact, it is the grossest of sophisms, for a thinking mind to go to the professors of any creed to form an estimation of its nature. Truth must appear deformed when seen in a broken mirror; and who would seek to see it in a mirror at all, when the reality itself stood beside him? Should this humble volume come before a mind educated and refined, but which has ever set aside the idea of the religion we have indicated, as inseparable from that of meanness or incapacity, will it in courtesy prolong attention to one or two queries, which may not have occurred to itself?

Are there not words in the Scriptures to which you have no corresponding idea? Are you sure that those very words do not contain a system of truth on which your happiness may depend? Some have thought so; some of the simple of the earth; and master spirits, too, have held it so. Some who have left our shadowy earth, and some yet living, whose names thrill the soul as pure spirit, have deemed that the system contained in those very words, which to you are meaningless as the grotesque figures on the Mexican tablets, contain the sole directions by which immortal happiness may be won. Is it wisdom, common, practical wisdom, to allow one part of the revelation your God has vouchsafed to you, to lie by as a worthless enigma,

when some of your species have considered that on that very part the life of the whole depends? True, they are a minority, but a minority *may* be right; and, in a question involving such consequences, every probability should be examined. You are accustomed to think; indeed, the habit of thought, hereditary and personal, sustained till the character of your spirit has begun to appear different from theirs, is the grand thing which distinguishes you from the mass. Will you not bring your mind to this subject—to the import of these words? We need not specify them. Open the New Testament on any page, and you will meet with these, to you, unmeaning characters. And yet, lest the trouble of turning over the pages be too great, or the volume be not at hand, we would ask the meaning affixed in your mind to the word “grace.” Does it not rather stand as a character to excite a smile, as a note of interrogation represents a tone of query, than as a word having a definite signification? What idea does the term “justification” call up? What is the sense conveyed to your mind by such a sentence as the following? “We know that we have passed from *death* unto *life* ;” or by this, “Of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is *made unto us* wisdom, and *righteousness*, and sanctification, and *redemption*,” 1 John iii. 14; 1 Cor. i. 30. Or, if the

reader's patience may be supposed to be sufficiently prolonged to give two chapters an attentive reading, what does any verse in the sixth or eighth chapters of the Epistle to the Romans mean? Will you think on any subject but this? Will you be content to speculate on a thousand subjects around you and about you; yet on this one, which, if it have any existence at all, must be *your life*, not bestow one thought? You know, you exult in, the nature of man, which can grapple with the mysteries of the material universe; you triumph in the thought, that mind, immeasurable, imponderable, intangible as it is, is the mistress of the visible world: yet you refuse to approach a question which *may* involve the happiness, ay, more than the existence, of that high nature, and that nature your own. Is the cause of your unwillingness to approach the question equal to the magnitude of the risk?

Do not say this subject is too lowly; do not say it is too lofty: does it involve your happiness or not? Were the secret of eternal life and happiness locked up in fable as obscure as the mysteries of cabalistic fiction, or in mythology as involved and inverted as the accumulated superstitions of eastern India, would not your spirit rise proudly to the task of unravelling these dark sayings? Shall it spurn the knowledge,

when it lies open in the cottage? Will you despise an immortality which is shared by the lowliest, if such a term dare intrude itself when our common nature is spoken of? We are not saying that the view of religion to which we refer is the true one, we only say it may be; but, if it is, your life is involved in it. And there is a secondary thought, which, to minds of your order, will have weight: how much this subject affects you in your social character. It gives a radically different view of the spirit of man, of the means by which its supreme happiness is to be effected. It may be that this is the right view; and that, for want of it, your schemes of private benevolence, and the efforts you make in your public capacity, fall far short of that which your philanthropy has set before it. Or there may be yet higher good, towards which your energy might be directed; yet securing subordinately, but as fully as you now do, all lesser good. It is said, There is a path the end whereof is death; and we well know that it is no easy task so to trace our spirit in all its wanderings, as to be sure that it is not that path on which we have entered. The path leading to the precipice is open, and, without the light from heaven, what shall forbid our feet from entering on it? The mariner who distrusts his chart, or misconstrues it, may strike on the rock, or be

buried in the quicksand ; then woe for his spirit, however brave, however noble ; and woe for the precious ones who had trusted to his skill, for the young and the happy, for the mother and her child, for the strong man, and for the venerated head of age. But the sufferers on the wreck may be saved—to the wrecked spirit no friendly vessel ever comes in sight.

A D D E N D A.

IT will not be uninteresting to the reader, to know that this fond father has been joined by one of those dear ones whom he left behind. Eliza and Mary, and their beloved father, are now together in that circle where, by the eye of faith, he, while yet on earth, saw his first departed child take her place. In less than a year after his own death, his eldest surviving daughter was removed from earth. Strong and happy in the fresh bloom of childhood, after three days' illness she lay a corpse in the arms of her mother. A short time before her death, she said, "Ah, I would go to my father; it must be lovely with the dear Saviour; but yet I am indeed much too sinful: were I fit to be there, he would call me." And as the hour of her death drew nearer, "Dear mother, I yet believe I shall go to my father; and though I have done much that is wrong, the gracious Lord will yet show me mercy; and I do so love him!"

The following papers are taken from the unfinished tale, "Magdeburg under the Ban of the Empire." They are inserted at the end of the German Memoir, as "Aphorisms from Pastor Henning Frede's Journal."

I.

"What is man, that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" Psa. viii. 4.

I was sitting to-day in my court yard, leaning against the young apple tree, which I had planted nine years ago, when this passage from the Psalms came, with its great and precious truth, forcibly into my weary mind. I had come out to seek the sun, to warm myself in his rays; and they revived me. I imagined I felt in my own veins something of the living power with which he draws the buds and flowers forth from the woody branch. But will he do so much for me? That Thou only knowest who biddest him shine!

But I felt more strongly than usual what a wonderful and beautiful heavenly body the sun is. He wakes life, dormant life, in the valleys and on the mountains, in the copse and the forest. When he greets the earth, the earth replies with her thousand-voiced echo: he not only wakes life, he nourishes, feeds, and strengthens it. On the cold heights scarcely a stunted birch delays to put forth its scanty foliage; in the warm sun-bright vales, the giant oak stretches its spreading head majestically towards heaven. The heathen named the sun the king of heaven, and so in a sense he is; he reigns, and his eye reaches far and wide, and all that he looks on is blessed! The heavens are filled with his lustre, and when it closes, the light yet laughs on the summits of the mountains, and they glow as for joy in the kindling glance.

There are several other such suns, say the astronomers; the eighth heaven contains many, and is

indeed splendidly ornamented ; how it glitters and lightens through the curtain of night, how the sky sparkles with great and little, with silver and gold, with bright and yet brighter stars ! While looking up at them, I have often felt as a man feels who stands on the sea shore, and looks out over the immeasurable mirror ; I have lost myself, as something little, as nothing, with such a spectacle before me. I look on with ever-deepening silent wonder, for He must be a mighty Lord who has made it ; but I am no longer oppressed by his sovereignty. A sun, an army of suns, is something great ; but I am also something, and I am yet more. This I boast, and this will I boast, for the sake of Christ, and to his honour. I am more ! not because I have so large an intellect, and so comprehensive an understanding—oh they wander oftener from their true course than the stars from theirs ; not because I so faithfully fulfil my calling—they are ever true to theirs ; not because I perform so many good deeds—oh how much more good does the sun dispense in one day ! not because I can look back on a line of well-spent years—he enlightened the earth, and gave the days of spring and summer before I existed, and will do so still, when my name is no longer known upon earth. Not for these ! but as thou art a work from the hand of the Lord, so also am I. He created thee, either of earth or fire, or of some other element : he created me also of the earth, but into the earthly vessel he breathed his living spirit. To thee he spoke, “ Come and wander ; ” and as thy commander, he showed thee thy path, and turned his face from thee : to me he spake, “ Come, ” and I came, and like a father he turned his face to me, and he will never turn it away through eternity ; his eye watches over me day and night ; his hand guides me in every path ; and he has pardoned me through his Son. Thou art his creature ; I am his son through Christ : thou art a silent witness of his sovereignty ; I am a speaking witness of his mercy : thou

art a diamond in the garment of light with which he is clothed ; I am, through faith in his Son, an heir in his house.

II.

I am often troubled when I notice how many of my friends avoid speaking to me of death. I perceive by this, that faith has not yet entirely pervaded their spirits. He who has Christ, has the resurrection and the life. Yet people think they can say nothing more cheering, nothing more necessary to the sick, than anticipations of their earthly recovery and speedy restoration, thus hiding awhile from the eye that point to which nevertheless we must all come. How slowly man learns that death is something else than an evil ! how deeply, how sorrowfully deeply, has unbelief penetrated his heart ! Many hold it as a duty always to raise fresh hopes of life in the sick ; they consider him who would speak earnestly and truly of the improbability of recovery, and of a happy going home, as a pitiless monster, who would murder the patient, and do not perceive that *they* are the pitiless ; they hold out to him a draught which will not quench his thirst, and deny him that draught which would for ever refresh his thirsty soul as with living water ; they place a frail staff in his hand, and leave him on the shaking earth, instead of setting the tottering and sinking one on firm, immovable ground, on the Rock—on Christ, the Prince of life. They say, what they themselves often do not believe, and the last service which they render him is—a deception. Can we do nothing better for the parting one ? The truth is, faith, such as deserves the name, is wanting on both sides ; because it is often so feeble in the dying, they are frequently too weak to bear the truth, just as many sick persons cannot bear the fresh air. Those who surround the dying man, suppose this want of faith in him, because their own belief is often no

stronger. It was this unbelief of man, that caused those tears which the Lord wept by the grave of Lazarus. He saw the distress which men make to themselves, and he was grieved.

The following is the poem referred to, page 120. It is entitled

AUFBLICK AUS DER FEUERPROBE.

Wann kommst Du, Engel mit dem Freiheitsbriefe,
 Von Vaterhand mir gnädig ausgestellt?
 Und führst mich weg aus des Verliesses Tiefe,
 Das mich seit Jahren eng gefangen hält.
 Wie Noah nach dem trocknen Lande
 Aus jener Fluthen Wüsteney,
 So spä' ich aus dem Zwange schwerer Bande
 Nach einem Leben, stark und frey.

Schon öfter trug's mich eine Reihe Stufen,
 Zu meines Kerkers hoher Thür hinan;
 Mir war, als hört, ich's draussen leise rufen:
 "Bald löset sich des bösen Zaubers Bann!"
 Der Pforte Riegel hört 'ich rücken,
 Der mir den Gang ins Freye wehrt:—
 Doch waren's nur des Kerkermeister's Tücken,
 Der an der Lust der Täuschung zehrt.

Des Kerkers Mauern wollen sich nicht spalten,
 Der Boden unter mir bleibt dürrer Sand,
 Die Riegel alle und die Schlösser halten,
 Es hält die kurze Kette an der Wand.
 Nur kann mein Aug' in dem Gedränge
 Sich weiter, fröhlicher ergehn:
 Das Licht dort in der Eisengitter Enge,
 Das kann mein freies Auge sehn.

Der Kerkermeister hätt 'es gern verbauet,
 Und zöge gern mich noch in tief're Nacht;
 Es ist ein Ungethüm, wovor mir grauet,
 Das Mitleid heuchelt und des Mitleids lacht;
 "Dein Kreuz will," sprach er, "lange dauern,
 Zu wem Du betest, siehst du nun."
 "Dich bei lebend'gem Leib hier einzumauern,
 Kann das ein lieber Vater thun?"

“ Er hat dich mir zur Willkühr überwiesen ;
 So lass ihn fahren—und versuch’s mit mir,
 Was es bedeutet mit den Paradiesen,
 Die er verheisst, das siehst du endlich—hier ! ”
 So sprach er, schielend nach dem Lichte,
 Das durch mein Eisengitter fällt,
 Und in dem lauernd grinsenden Gesichte
 Erglühete die Unterwelt.

Da griff ich nach des heil ’gen Kreuzes Zeichen,
 Und drückt ’es brünstig an das wunde Herz ;
 Und den Versucher trieb’s, davon zu schleichen,
 Und nur noch Einmal sah er hinterwärts.
 “ Du kannst mich wohl mit Fäusten schlagen, ”
 So rief ’ich ihm mit Kühnheit nach.
 “ Das ist Dein Werk, und meins : es wacker tragen,
 Dem Herrn zur Ehre—Dir zum Schmach.

“ Du schürst die Gluth, um schrecklich zu verheeren, †
 Und wirst der wilden Arbeit schwerlich satt.
 Der Herr, vor dem du zitterst, will nicht wehren,
 Weil er geläutert Gold am liebsten hat.
 So schüre nur den Brand der Flammen,
 Er brennt,—verbrennt mich aber nicht ;
 Er schmilzt mich enger nur mit dem zusammen,
 Der endlich sein ‘ Bis hieher ! ’ spricht ! ”

Ich rief’s—der schwarze Meister war verschwunden,
 Und ich in meiner Oede nicht allein ;
 Die drey Gefährten meiner besten Stunden
 Am Licht des Gitters schwebten sie herein.
 Der Glaube mit dem Haupt in Sternen,
 Die Hoffnung mit dem Perlenband,
 Und die Geduld, den Blick in heil’ge Fernen,
 Die Palme in gefalt’ner Hand.

Wann kommst Du, Engel mit dem Freyheitsbriefe,
 Der mir die Kette von dem Fusse streift ?
 Und stellte sich der Herr, als ob er schlief,
 Er wacht, er wacht, und seine Stunde reift.
 Je stiller Warten—desto schneller
 Zieht Er heran in Licht und Macht ;
 Und nimmer strahlt der frische Morgen heller,
 Als nach gewitterschwarzer Nacht.

The following lines will convey to the mind of the English reader the substance of the poem. It will be perceived, that the lyrical form of the original has been exchanged for blank verse, as allowing a nearly literal version.

When wilt thou come, bright angel of deliv'rance,
 Bearing glad letters of discharge, which now,
 E'en now, my Father's hand holds out to view?
 When wilt thou lead me from this depth of woe,
 Where for long years my spirit has been held?
 Oh! it has been as he, the faithful one
 Of old, looked o'er the waste of waters wide,
 For the sunk earth, that my worn spirit pines
 With longings faint, for life, the strong, the free.
 How has the bitterness of quenched hope
 Been mine! Through the dim light, a row of steps
 Seemed leading up to the high prison door,
 And a low voice without fell on my ear,
 "The enchanter's spell is broken," and I heard
 The heavy bolt draw back, which barred my flight
 To freedom.—'Twas but my jailor's malice,
 Making his joy of my delusion still.
 Yet stand my dungeon's walls, firm, strong. Hard, damp,
 The floor beneath. Fast closed the massive bolts,
 And the short chain still holds me to the wall.
 But the free eye, unfettered, wanders forth,
 And in the light that through my grating gleams,
 Greeteth her own. E'en that small ray of light,
 He, the dark prison master, fain would quench,
 Building it in. He is a horrid form,
 Such as man trembles at, a spectral shape,
 Wearing the mask of pity, and in scorn
 Laughing at pity's self. Darkly to me
 He said, "Long will thy cross endure, for see,
 How he to whom thou prayest, here has cast
 Thee and thy living body deep within
 These foul and fearful walls—and this, oh this,
 Can a dear father do? Believe it not.
 Nay he has given thee over to my will;
 So let him go, my friend! join hands with me.
 The glorious paradise he promised thee,
 Thou seest at last—'tis here." So spake the fiend,
 And, with a glance malignant at the light
 Which through the iron grating brightly fell,

Turned him toward me : in that dark scowling face
Hell glowed.

But to my wounded heart I pressed
The life-procuring cross. And he slunk back,
And turned his demon head ; but once again
Boldly I cried, " Strike on, that is thy work ;
Mine is to bear it, to my Saviour's praise
Bravely, and to thy shame. Thou would'st destroy,
And with thy savage labour scarce content,
Still addest fuel, nor my God restrains.
He checks thee not, because he fain would have
True and refined gold. The brand may burn,
I am but melted in the glowing flame
Closer together, till at last is heard
The great Refiner's voice, ' The gold is pure.' "

Ere I had spoken, the dark master vanish'd.
I in my solitude was not alone,
The dim light of the grating brought to view
The bright companions of my holiest hours.
FAITH, with her queenly head, high in the stars ;
HOPE, with her pearly band ; PATIENCE, her glance
In the holy distance, and the branch of palm
In her quiet hand. * * *

When wilt thou come with letters of discharge,
Bright angel, here ? to strike from off my feet
The fetters down ? Makes HE as though He slept,
My Lord and God ? He wakes, his own hour comes.
The stiller my proud spirit learns to wait,
The sooner draws he near in life and power ;
And never brighter to the watching eye
Does the fresh morning beam, than when the breath
Of its glad dawn chases the storm-black night.

This poem, to which reference is made by M.
Bonnet, was written in July, 1832, when Möwes had
given up all hope of resuming the pastoral office.

FRAGE AN DEN HERRN.

" Du sollst, so sprach der Herr, du sollst ermatten,"
Und siehe, meine Kraft verging wie Schaum ;
Es blieb von mir ein marklos luft'ger Schatten,
Nur locker haften an der Erde Saum.

Des Lebens May mit seinen heitern Spielen,
 Des Lebens Lust mit ihren schönen Mühn,
 Des Lebens Höh' mit ihren edlen Zielen,
 Das Alles sah ich sinken und verblünn.

Da ward's wie Wehmuth in der Seele laut,

Da hat's in meinem Auge hell gethaut!

Doch eine Wärme, anderswo entglommen,
 Hat meines Auges Thräne weggenommen,
 Er weint nicht mehr, o lieber Herr, dein Knecht;
 Ist Dir's so recht?

“ Du sollst mir diese Heerde nicht mehr führen, ”

So sprach der Herr, der sie mir übergab.

Auch will sich's mir zu fragen nicht gebühren,

Warum entzog Er mir den Hirtenstab?

Wohl hatt' ich sonst so fröhlich ihn geschwungen,

Und Hirt und Heerde waren sich bekannt,

Und mancher Schritt hinan war uns gelungen;

Doch fiel der Hirtenstab mir aus der Hand;

Da ward's wie Wehmuth in der Seele laut,

Da hat's in meinem Auge warm gethaut!

Doch sah ich Ihn, Ihn selbst auf Dornenwegen

Den Hirtenstab am Kreuze niederlegen.

Er weint nicht mehr, o lieber Herr, dein Knecht;
 Ist Dir's so recht?

“ Du sollst mir keine Heerde wieder weiden ! ”

So sprach der Herr mit ernstem Angesicht.

Des Hirtenschmucks mich völlig zu entkleiden,

Das forderte sein beugendes Gericht.

Ich band ihn los, den reinen Priesterkragen,

Und zog ihn aus, den ehrenden Talar;

Und wer ihn hangen sah, dem konnt' ich sagen,

Dass ich einmal ein Hirt des Herren war!

Da ward's wie Wehmuth in der Seele laut,

Da hat's in meinem Auge heiss gethaut!

Doch fiel auch sein Gewand als gute Beute

Ihm von der Schulter und an Kriegesleute.

Er weint nicht mehr, o lieber Herr, dein Knecht;
 Ist Dir's so recht?

“ Du sollst, vom sichern Hafen fortgerissen,

Auf hoher See in morschem Boote stehn,

Und sollst im Kampf mit Sturm und Finsternissen

Nur Wasser um dich her und Himmel sehn ! ”

So sprach der Herr; und auf empörten Wogen

Riss mich die Ebbe weit ins Meer hinaus,

Ach, manche Taube ist der Hand entfliegen;

Nur brachte sie kein Oelblatt mit nach Haus!

Da ward's wie Wehmuth in der Seele laut,
 Da hat's in meinem Auge still gethaut!
 Doch wie Er mir gesagt, so ist's geschehen:
 Ich konnte auf dem Meer—den Himmel sehen.
 Er weint nicht mehr, o lieber Herr, dein Knecht,
 Ist Dir's so recht?

“Dein Herz soll mir verbund'ne Herzen finden,
 Und dran erwarmen in der öden Welt;
 Doch sey bereit, auch da dich loszuwinden,
 Und sie zu lassen, wenn es mir gefällt!”
 So sprach der Herr:—Er gab, was er verheissen
 Wie manches Herz hat mir sich aufgethan!
 Nur—immer musst' ich wieder los mich reisen,
 Und aus einander rückte Bahn und Bahn!
 Da ward's wie Wehmuth in der Seele laut,
 Da hat's in meinem Auge reich gethaut!
 Doch ging auch Er durch bittere Scheidestunden,
 Und hat sich von Johannes losgewunden,
 Er weint nicht mehr, o lieber Herr, dein Knecht
 Ist Dir's so recht?

The following lines will give a feeble idea of the foregoing poem. The peculiarity of the verse and the thoughts have been preserved, but, alas! the charm of the piece is gone, the fine spirit of the wine is lost in pouring it from one vessel to another.

“Yield now,” said the Lord, “to a swift decay;”
 Then melted my strength as the foam away;
 A shadow I stood on the verge of earth,
 Thin, airy, as scarcely of mortal birth.
 And my life's young May, with its gladsome games,
 And the joyful cares of life's burning noon,
 And its glorious heights, with their noble aims,
 All, all, from my path are now passed and gone.
 Bright gush'd the tear to my quiv'ring eye,
 And bow'd my sad spirit mournfully.
 But there came a warmth, from a world unknown,
 And the flowing tear from mine eye was gone.
 Seems it right to thee, O my Father God!
 Then I weep no more, but I bless the rod.

"Thou shalt lead this flock to my feet no more,"
 Said Jehovah, from whom my charge I bore.
 I bow, I would not the thought awaken,
 Why the pastoral staff from my hand is taken.
 Gladly I bore it, in days that are flown,
 The pastor and flock familiar had grown;
 We had wandered long through many a land,
 Yet, yet, has the shepherd's staff fall'n from my hand.
 Warm gush'd the tear to my quiv'ring eye,
 And bow'd my sad spirit mournfully.
 Yet saw I HIMSELF on the thorny way,
 His shepherd's staff down at the fearful cross lay.
 Seems it right to thee, O my Father God!
 Then I weep no more, but I bless the rod.

"No flock to me shalt thou e'er again lead!"
 And that solemn word made my wrung spirit bleed.
 The shepherd's dress from my shoulders is torn,
 And never again may that lov'd badge be borne.
 The pure priestly robe is taken off now,
 The long honour'd vest.—In silence I bow.
 To him who beholds them hang up, I can say,
 I, too, a shepherd have been in my day.
 Hot gush'd the tear to my quiv'ring eye,
 And bow'd my sad spirit mournfully.
 But oh! from HIS form on that sorrowful day,
 His vest to the rude soldiers fell as a prey.
 Seems it right to thee, O my Father God!
 Then I weep no more, but I bless the rod.

"Thou shalt yet from thy haven safe be torn,
 And over the wave in thy frail bark borne;
 Thou shalt see, in thy strife with storm and night,
 Nought round thee but sky and the billow's might."
 He said it, and swiftly the falling tide
 Bore me far out on the ocean wide.
 Oh many a dove from my hand has flown,
 No olive branch back in return is borne.
 Still gush'd the tear to my quiv'ring eye,
 And bow'd my sad spirit mournfully.
 But yet, as HE promis'd, it ever has been,
 From the desert of waves was the bright heaven seen.
 Seems it right to thee, O my Father God!
 Then I weep no more, but I bless the rod.

"True hearts shall be thine in a sacred bond,
 And friendships grow bright for the world beyond,

Yet hold thyself ready, whenever I call,
 To loosen these ties, to break from them all."
 He spake it—and what He has promis'd has done.
 How many a heart to myself have I won,
 But ever to part, before closing day,
 To bless with kind greetings, and then away !
 Full gush'd the tear to my quiv'ring eye,
 And bow'd my sad spirit mournfully.
 Yet passed e'en HE through the parting hour ;
 Prov'd He not with the loved one * its mournful pow'r ?
 Seems it right to thee, O my Father God !
 Then I weep no more, but I bless the rod.

DES BLINDEN FRAGEN.

Wo hast du mich, mein Knabe, hingeleitet ?
 Hast du des Weges heute nicht gefehlt ?
 Liegt hier die weite Landschaft ausgebreitet ?
 Hast du den rechten Hügel mir gewählt ?
 Spielt dort am Ufer noch die Silberwelle ?
 Und hängt das Dach der Eiche über mir ?
 Ihr seyd, so sagst du, an gewohnter Stelle !
 Mein Knabe, du mein Aug', ich glaube dir.

Wie sieht es aus, das mächtige Gewölbe,
 Das über diese Erde kühn sich spannt ?
 Ist's noch so hoch und tief ?—Ist's noch dasselbe
 Das ich vor Zeiten—o so gut, gekannt ?
 Zieht ihr noch weidend über seine Auen
 Ihr zarten, weichen Lämmerheerden ihr ?
 Das alles, sagst du, ist noch so zu schauen,
 Mein Knabe, du mein Aug', ich glaube dir.

Wo steht das Auge mit dem Flammenblitze
 Das Königsauge voller Majestät ?
 Das wie ein Fürst an der Vasallen Spitze,
 Vorauf am Reigen der Planeten geht ?
 Ist's nicht erblindet und in Nacht gesunken,
 Und sieht es uns auf diesem Rasen hier ?
 " Es sprühet," sagst du, " noch die alten Funken !"
 Mein Knabe, du mein Aug', ich glaube dir.

* " One of his disciples, whom Jesus loved," John xiii. 23.

Du sagst, es kommt ein schwer Gewölk gezogen,
 Auch träufelt's nass und warm mir ins Gesicht;
 Schau, bauet sich da noch der Regenbogen?
 Und hat er noch sein siebenfarbig Licht?
 Wie damals, ehe diese Augen starben,
 Sein Gold und seinen Purpur, für und für.
 "Er hat noch," sagst du, "seine schönen Farben."
 Mein Knabe, du mein Aug', ich glaube dir.

Ich spielte unter Knaben einst als Knabe,
 Wie manches heitre Antlitz sah' ich da!
 Hast du bey mir des Frohsinns heitre Gabe,
 Wie ich sie sonst bey Deinesgleichen sah'?
 Du wärest freyer, wenn ich dich nicht bände,
 Hängt aber noch dein Aug' in Lieb an mir?
 "Ja," rufst du, "ja!" und drückst mir beyde Hände!
 Oh wie von Herzen, Knabe, glaub' ich dir.

†

Translation of the foregoing.

Where hast thou led me, my gentle boy?
 Still turn we our wonted way?
 Seest thou the landscape in distance spread
 From our mossy hill to-day?
 Still plays on the bank the silver wave,
 Is the oak's green roof above?
 "Yes, yes!" Enough, thou art eye to me,
 Well I trust thy truth and love.

Tell me if still o'er this lower earth,
 Heaven's beautiful arch is cast?
 Seems it deep and high in its azure light,
 As once——when I saw it last?
 Yet white on the sunny fields below
 Do the flocks at noontide lie?
 "'Tis fair, as ever of old it was."
 In thy truth I trust, mine eye.

Yet is the eye of the prince of day
 In its kingly brilliance bright?
 Yet shines it in dazzling majesty,
 With its earth-rejoicing light?
 Is that eye undimmed, nor sunk in night?
 Sees it us on the green turf lie?
 Thou say'st those loved rays yet pour down—
 I trust thee, my child, mine eye.

Thou say'st the heavy cloud comes on,
 On my face the warm drops fall.
 Say, on the cloud does the rainbow's light
 With its sevenfold colours fall?
 Do its gold and purple yet shine fair,
 As when I beheld the sky?
 Thou say'st the radiant bow is yet there,
 I trust thee, my faithful eye.

I play'd among children once as a child,
 And I know the joyful face
 Is thine glad with smiles as those I left
 Of yore in a distant place?
 Ah! thou wert free, did I keep thee not,
 Yet look'st thou in love on me?
 "Yes!" And thou pressest my trembling hand,
 Mine eye——no! my heart—I trust thee!

The following is the poem alluded to page 136.

AN CARLS GEBURTSTAGE.

Ferne
 Bist du heute mir;
 Flög' ich viele tausend Meilen,
 Könnte doch Dich nicht ereilen,
 Droben du—ich hier.

Nahe
 Bist du dennoch mir!
 Bist du auch zum Licht geboren,
 Hast Dein Herz doch nicht verloren,
 Das denkt meiner hier.

Ferne
 Bin ich heute Dir.
 Deine Bahn geht über Sterne,
 Mich siehst Du in tiefer Ferne
 Noch im Staube hier.

Nahe
 Bin ich dennoch Dir;
 Kann ich doch in schwachen Träumen
 Dort Dich finden, bey Dir säumen,
 Liebend, wie einst hier.

Lieber !
 Mir so fern und nah !
 Stilles Herz hat kurze Zeiten,
 Warmes—hat einst Ewigkeiten,
 Und bald bin ich da.

Allusion is made to the following poem, page 38.

SCHEIDEWORT.

Merkt ihr's, Freunde ?—Mein Auge wird müde :
 Könnte geschehen, dass ich bald schiede :
 Muss ich aus eurer Mitte fort :
 Wahrt, was ich sage, als Scheidewort.

Will die Seele zur Heimath entschweben,
 Kann ich die Stimme nicht mehr erheben :
 Tretet dann an mein Lager hin,
 Singt mir ein Liedlein nach meinem Sinn.

Singt mir von dem, der den Tod bezwungen,
 Der uns am Kreuze das Leben errungen.
 Davon singt mir fröhlich und fein,
 Damit singt mich in Schlummer ein.

Bringt mich mit Sang und Klang zu Grabe,
 Und—dass ich ja ein recht trauliches habe,
 Schliesst's mit grünenden Rasen ein,
 Lasset's vom Laube beschattet seyn.

Sieht auch mein Auge den Morgen nicht grauen ;
 Lasset es dennoch nach Morgenland schauen ;
 Da hat gewandelt das Licht der Welt,
 Jesus, der jegliche Nacht erhellt.

Schmückt den Hügel mit einfachem Steine,
 Schreibt darauf, " Er hat der Gemeinde
 Lebend und sterbend von Christo gezeugt,
 Drum ward Leben und Sterben ihm leicht."

Kämet ihr über meinen Gebeinen
 Nach mir zu suchen und nach mir zu weinen ;
 Sucht und weinet ! Und stillt den Schmerz ;
 Jesus legt euch mir einst wieder an's Herz.

MEIN WUNSCH.

Reich möcht' ich seyn,
 Und als ein Reicher weit und breit bekannt;
 Der Reiche hat viel Menschen in der Hand.
 Dann ging ich hin mit allen meinen Schätzen;
 Dem lieben Herrn zu Füssen mich zu setzen.
 Reich möcht' ich seyn;
 Ich zöge Arm' und Reiche hinterdrein.

Gross möcht' ich seyn,
 Gross vor der Welt, gleich einem mächt'gen Herrn,
 Den Grossen glaubt und folgt die Welt so gern;
 Dann ging' ich hin mit allen meinen Ehren,
 Dem lieben Herrn in Demuth zuzuhören.
 Gross möcht' ich seyn;
 Ich zöge Gross' und Kleine hinterdrein.

Klug möcht' ich seyn,
 Begabt mit Engels Weisheit und Verstand,
 Ich hätt' ein Heer von Jüngern bald im Land;
 Dann ging' ich hin mit allen meinen Gaben,
 Um an des Herren Liebe mich zu laben.
 Klug möcht' ich seyn;
 Ich zöge Klug' und Thoren hinterdrein.

Es mag drum seyn,
 Ich hab' nun einmal Gold und Silber nicht,
 Und bin kein grosser Herr, kein grosses Licht,
 Doch zieh ich fröhlich fort auf meinem Pfade,
 Und nehme von dem Herren Gnad' um Gnade—
 Es mag drum seyn,
 Ich ziehe doch wohl Einen hinterdrein.

 DAS GLÜCK DES GLAUBENS.

Ich glaube!—Hallelujah!
 Seit Du, o Glaube, mich gefunden,
 Steht mir der Pol der Welten fest.
 Die Binde is mir abgebunden,
 Die nur im Finstern tappen lässt.
 Der Zukunft Schleier sind gehoben,
 Und durch der Erde Labyrinth
 Ward mir ein Faden, stark, gewoben,
 Der bis ins Reich des Lichts sich spinnt.

Ich glaube!—Hallelujah!
 Seit Du, o Glaube, mich gefunden,
 Ist mir das Leid kein böser Gast,
 Die Bürden, die mir aufgebunden,
 Die trag ich nun als heil'ge Last!
 Des Kreuzes dunckle Hieroglyphe
 Entziffert mir nun ihren Sinn;
 Ich lese wie in offnem Briefe
 Dass ich des Vaters Zögling bin.

Ich glaube!—Hallelujah!
 Seit du, o Glaube, mich gefunden,
 Verlosch die Handschrift meiner Schuld;
 Bey meinen zehntausend Pfunden
 Ward mir ein Bürge voller Huld;
 Und ach, das Eisfeld starrer Pflichten
 Liegt hinter mir mit seinem Zwang;
 Mein Lebensbaum mit seinen Früchten
 Erwächst in Lieb und innerm Drang.

Ich glaube!—Hallelujah!
 Seit du, o Glaube, mich gefunden,
 Ist mir das Leben aufgethan;
 Ich lieb's in seinen flücht'gen Stunden,
 Ich seh's in seinem Tode nahn;
 Es dringt, begabt mit Seraphsflügeln,
 Durch allen Kummer frisch hervor,
 Und schwingt sich heimisch zu den Hügeln
 Der ew'gen Gottesstadt empor!

Ich glaube!—Hallelujah!
 Seit du, o Glaube, mich gefunden,
 Kenn ich das Recht der Liebe ganz.
 Die Bande, welche sie gewunden,
 Sie sind kein flücht'ger Blütenkranz.
 Die fromme Liebe stammt von drüben,
 Und ihren Anker hat sie dort;
 Ja! ewig haben, ewig lieben,
 Darauf gab ihr der Herr das Wort!

DANK NACH DEM STURM.

Composed Oct., 1831.

Seele, darfst nicht stille seyn
 Nach dem Streit mit tiefer Noth;

Nach dem bangen, bitterm Schreyn
 Will dein Heiland, Herr und Gott
 Erst von dir gepriesen seyn,
 Der dich armen Wurm
 Aus zermalmendem Sturm,
 In so grausiger Nacht
 Gnädig, gnädig hat hindurch gebracht.

Ja, zur Erde hingestreckt
 Lag ich da in Weh und Ach;
 Wie von Flammen angeleckt,
 Sandt' ich Seufzern Seufzer nach;
 Mit dem Schweiss der Angst bedeckt t,
 Ward mir nun bekannt,
 Was der Heiland empfand,
 Als der Nagel und Spiess
 Seite, Hand und Fuss für mich durchstiess.

Sonst schon hab' ich mich geneigt
 Vor dem König in der Höh:
 Nun hat mir der Schmerz gezeigt;
 Dass es noch viel besser geh',
 Wenn der Herr uns selber beugt;
 Jeder Nerv' im Kampf,
 Hand und Auge voll Krampf,
 Sank ich tiefer hinab,
 Als ich je vor ihm gelegen hab'.

Was ich für mich Selber bin,
 Wenn Er einen Augenblick
 Seinen Odem—nicht gar hin,
 Nur ein wenig nimmt zurück,
 Trat da hell vor meinen Sinn;
 Sieh ein armes Nichts
 Vor dem Vater des Lichts;
 Siehe, wenn Er mir schilt,
 Ein unsäglich elend Jammerbild.

O, Du Treuer, hast gehört,
 Als ich schrie um gnäd' gen Tod;
 Hast der heissen Gluth gewehrt,
 Bist erschienen in der Noth;
 Meine Seel' ist unversehrt.
 In der Finsterniss,
 Deiner Liebe gewiss,
 Halt ich dankend die Hand,
 Die mir diese Dornenkrone band.

The following verses possess an additional interest, from the fact, that they were the last strains given forth, ere the lyre was unstrung. They bear the date of August, 1834.

DAS KIRCHENGELÄUT.

Woher, woher, du Feyerklang,
Fortwallend in mächtigem Schwunge ?
Du tönst so voll, so fröhlich, so bang'
Du wogest und hallest, wie heil'ger Gesang,
Doch nicht von menschlicher Zunge.

Du rufst nicht auf den Markt der Welt,
Sonst müsstest du lustiger klingen ;
Du lockst nicht hinaus auf das bunte Feld,
Wo taumelnde Lust ihr Gelag sich bestellt,
Sonst müsstest du buhlender singen.

Du tönst so bang' als trügst du Leid
Um Alle, die hörend nicht hören,
Als könnten sie säumen und fehlen der Zeit,
Zu kaufen den Frieden der Ewigkeit,
Wie wenn sie daran nichts verlören.

Du tönst so fröhlich-hell und laut
In's irdische Sorgen und Bangen,
Als wolest du sagen ; Es sey euch vertraut :
Wer gläubig auf's Kreuz des Erhöheten schaut,
Soll leben und Gnade erlangen.

Du tönst so voll und mit Gewalt,
Als wolltest du alles erwecken ;
Ja Alles, was schläft und lau ist und kalt,
So Männer als Weiber, so Jung als Alt,
Die Freundlichkeit Gottes zu schmecken.

Ich kenne dich, du Festklang, schon,
Du Bote, aus Aether gewoben ;
Bist mehr als der Lüfte vergänglicher Sohn,
Dem Munde des tönenden Erzes entflohn,
Bist lebende stimme von Oben.

Von Oben Wie ein Wasserfall
Entquillst du dem Schoosse des Aethers ;
Aus Erzen geboren, verklärt sich dein Schall
Im tiefen Gemüthe zum Wiederhall
Der Andacht des gläubigen Beters.

Und geht er dir mit Sehnsucht nach,
 So lässt du die Welt ihm verschwinden,
 Die wechselnde Welt voll Weh und voll Ach,
 Und führst ihn unter ein heiliges Dach,
 Die ewigen Hütten zu finden !

GETREU IST ER.

O Herr ! O Herr ! wie bist Du treu,
 Wie fest sind Deine Worte !
 Das sag 'ich, aller Bürden frey,
 Dicht an der Todespforte :
 Da steh 'ich mit gehobnem Haupt ;
 Oh selig, Herr, wer an Dich glaubt.

Die ihr mühselig seyd, kommt her,
 Kommt, Ich will euch erquicken.
 Nehmt nur mein Joch, es ist nicht schwer,
 Und schien es auch zu drücken ;
 Denn unter diesem Joch allein
 Wird Ruhe für die Seele seyn !

So sprach der Herr,—Und Er hat Wort,
 Hat Wort an mir gehalten ;
 Es zogen an mir da und dort
 Feindselige Gewalten,
 Doch ihre Macht hat aufgehört,
 Seit Jesus bei mir eingekehrt.

Und jezt, an eines Abgrunds Rand,
 Auf Erden " Tod " geheissen,
 Ergriffen, wie von Riesenhand,
 Mich jäh hinabzureissen,
 Sieht meine Seele ruhig zu :
 Denn Er ist meiner Seelen Ruh.'

Wo Andre nur den Abgrund sehn,
 Da hab' ich eine Brücke
 Auf tausend Demantsäulen stehn,
 Genannt " der Weg zum Glücke."'
 Drauf führt mich eines Engels Hand
 Hinein in das gelobte Land.

Ich lege wohl an ihrem Thor
 Die Lust der Erde nieder :

Doch Jesus giebt, was ich verlor,
 Mir siebenfältig wieder.
 Er machte mir die *Erde* schön,
 Was wird bei *Ihm* mein Auge sehn !

Und würde mir die Seele weich
 Beym letzten Gruss der Lieben,
 Herr, sie sind hier in Deinem Reich,
 Und sind es auch bald drüben.
 Sie waren mein—und bleiben mein,
 Und du trittst als ihr Hüter ein !

O Herr, O Herr, wie treu bist Du,
 Wie recht sind deine Worte !
 Du wurdest meiner Seelen Ruh'
 Auch an der Todespforte :
 Da steh' ich mit gehobnem Haupt !
 Ja selig, Herr, wer an Dich glaubt.

ARMUTH DER ERDE.

Es ist recht warm auf Erden,
 Wenn der Hauch der Liebe da weht.
 Es kann recht kalt drauf werden,
 Wenn der Wind über Gräber geht.

Es ist recht hell auf Erden,
 Wenn ein glückliches Auge mir lacht ;
 Es kann recht dunkel da werden,
 Wenn's auf immer sich zugemacht.

Es ist recht traulich auf Erden,
 Hält warme Hand da mich fest ;
 Es kann recht öde drauf werden,
 Wenn sie erstarrt, und mich lässt.

Es ist recht wohnlich auf Erden,
 Wenn zarte Stimme mir ruft ;
 Es kann recht unheimlich da werden :
 Wenn sie verstummt in der Gruft.

Es ist recht gemüthlich auf Erden,
 Wenn ein Herz an das meine schlägt ;
 Es kann recht betrübt drauf werden :
 Wenn es stockt und zum letzten Mal schlägt.

Du reiche, du arme Erde,
 Noch bin ich an dich gebannt ;
 Da, wo ich einst wohnen werde,
 Ist mein schöneres Heimathland.

GEBET IN NOTH UND TOD.

Der Himmel hängt voll Wolken schwer,
 Ich seh' das blaue Zelt kaum mehr :
 Doch über Wolken,—hell und klar,
 Nehm' ich ein freundlich Auge wahr !

Es tobt der Sturm mit wilder Macht,
 Sie wird so dunkel oft—die Nacht ;
 Doch wenn auch meine Seele bebt,
 Sie weiss, dass dort ein Heiland lebt.

Sie zöge gar zu gern hinaus
 Ins grosse, weite Vaterhaus ;
 Doch hält in Seiner Kraft sie still,
 Bis Er, bis Er !—sie lösen will.

Die Erd' ist mir ein morsches Boot,
 Das unter mir zu sinken droht,
 Ich steh' auf seines Bordes Höh'
 Nur eben noch mit einem Zeh.

Gebeutst Du, Herr, mit einem Blick,
 So schleudr' ich's hinter mir zurück,
 Und schwinge mich an Deiner Hand
 Hinauf, hinauf ; und jauchze, " Land : "

Ich ginge gern, so gern zu Dir !
 Doch wenn Du mich noch länger hier
 In Sturm und dunklen Nächten lässt,
 So halt Du meine Seele fest.

Dass sie in Sturm und Nächten treu,
 Zu Deiner Ehre wacker sey,
 Bist Du mir rufst : " Nun ist mir's recht,
 Nun kannst du kommen, treuer Knecht."

